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1919



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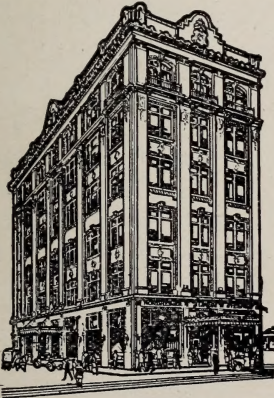
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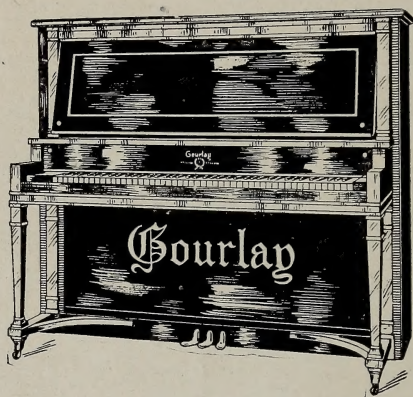
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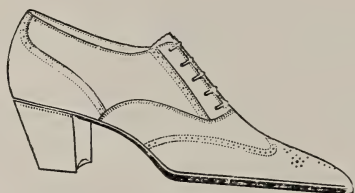
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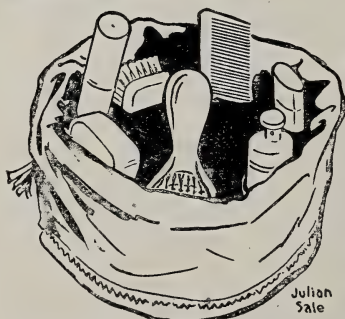
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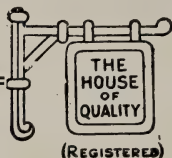
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The Branksome Slogan



SLOGAN STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—Phyllis Hollinrake, Form V.

Assistant Editors—Isobel Watt, Form IV.

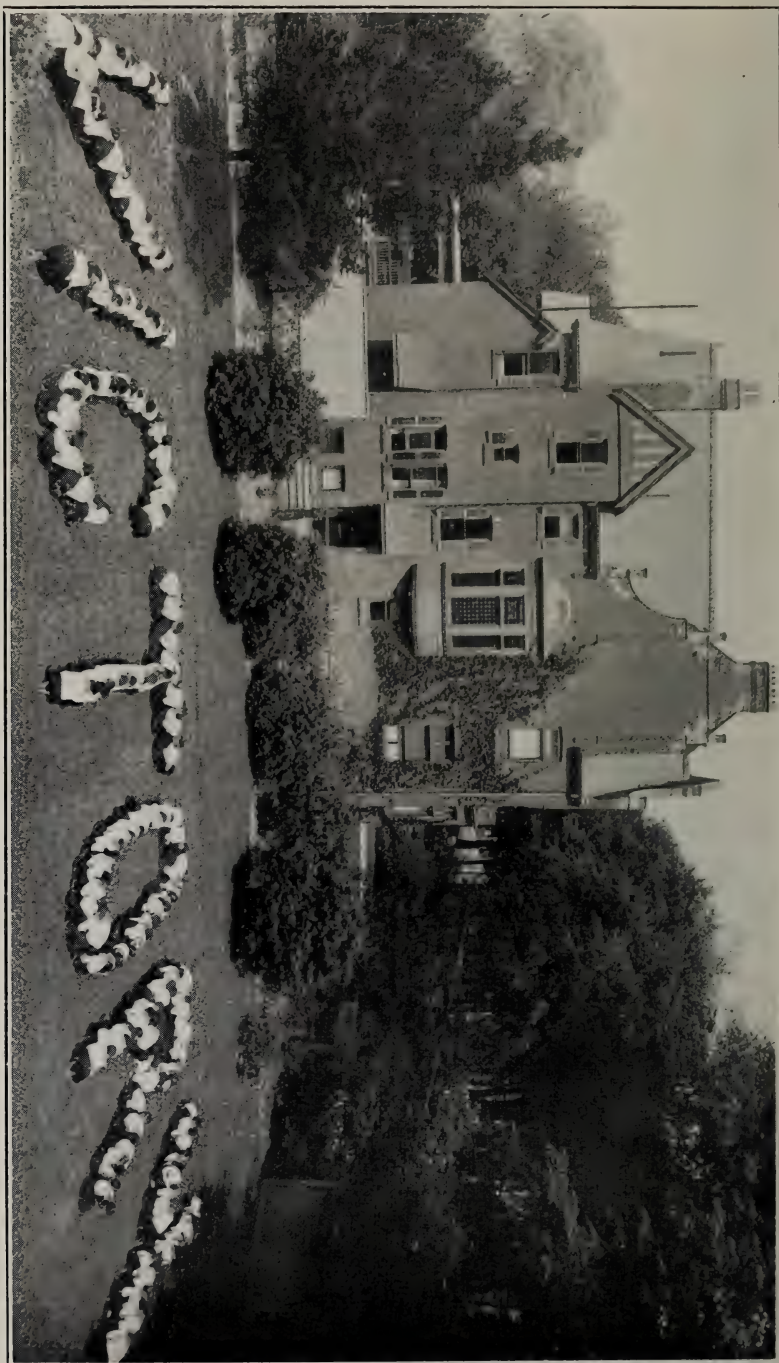
Nancy Wright, Form IV. Special.

Mary McCormack, Form III.

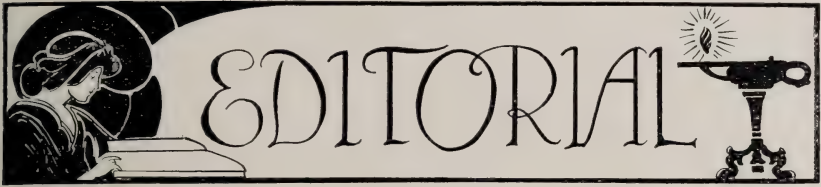
Alumnæ Representative—Grace Ryrie, '17.

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DRILL ON SCHOOL LAWN, JUNE 1919



K. MELDRUM

UNREST

Since the signing of the Armistice the problem most concerning the world is that of the great unrest which is so prevalent in every country.

Previous to the War the affairs of the world, both socially and commercially, were rapidly becoming worse. Anarchism in Russia, and Socialism in other parts of the world, were spreading quietly but speedily; the cost of living was beginning to soar; while the working classes, urged on by Socialistic agitators, were gradually pushing forward with a new-found and undreamed-of strength.

Simultaneously with the outbreak of war came the first palpable signs of unrest. Millions of men were called to arms in those countries which were drawn into the conflict, but men were also needed to carry on the commerce of those countries at home, and, they were few in number in proportion to that need. These men saw their opportunity, and immediately took advantage of it. Unions were formed in every trade and, led on by paid agitators and discontented spirits in their midst, who found ready ground in which to sow their seeds of discontent, they proceeded to demand more and still more,—more wages, more free time and privileges, but always less work. The cleverer ones among these discontented spirits in time became fanatics, a result which often follows a too speedy conversion. They became the enemies of law and order, and were filled with hatred for those whom they believed to be possessed of power or wealth. The Society of Russian Bolsheviks, the I. W. W. of the United States, the O. B. U. of Canada, and the Irish Sinn Féin are conspicuous examples of this type of discontent.

Among returned soldiers the dissatisfaction has been much less pronounced, although their rapid transition from the battle-field to home conditions has given them a reasonable excuse for restlessness. These men have seen and endured enough fighting to prevent them from entertaining serious thoughts of revolutionary disturbances.

In society, as in commercial life, a general unrest has been marked. During the War, the time and energies of girls and women were taken up by the enormous amount of war work which they had to do. Since the Armistice much of this work has been taken from them, and they are suddenly left with a great deal of spare time. Quite naturally they feel that the blank must be filled in some way, and they turn to any occupation or amusement which presents itself, or can be invented. The cessation of hostilities was the signal for society to take a new lease of life, with an ever-increasing number of amuse-

ments, and the necessity of guarding against the superficial in this phase of life is very apparent.

Many explanations of this unrest which is such a great factor in world affairs just now, have been advanced. Some believe it to be only a natural result of war, a result which has followed every great war in history; others consider it to be the too rapid evolution of a new phase of life which, through the War, was forced upon the world before it was ready, either intellectually or commercially, to accept it; while a certain eminent French scientist declares the present unrest to be due to bacteria which are engendered by hunger and exposure, and which have gradually spread over the world from those countries most oppressed and laid waste by war. Many famous divines believe that the lessening of interest in church life, and the falling-away of the people from religion as a daily support have much to do with the present discontent.

Whichever theory may be the correct one, it is widely known that the unrest is spreading through propaganda. The Bolshevik leaders are past masters in this work, and have sent out huge numbers of paid propagandists throughout Europe, the United States and Canada. These Russian leaders realize too late that they hold false ideas, which, if fully carried out, would bring the world into a state of chaos; but, having gone so far, they must continue on their way. To stop would mean ruin to them, and the more corruption they can force upon the world, the longer will that world remain safe for them. The Irish Sinn Fein are also well-known propagandists. So clever are they that they have even misled a certain neighboring nation into sharing with them in their discontent against the British Government.

It is plainly to be seen that this state of affairs cannot continue, and must be reckoned with at once. For the government to force an issue at the present would be foolhardy in the last degree, but propaganda can be fought by propaganda. The Government and secret service are fighting to check this insidious tide of propaganda which is corrupting the country's morale, and they can be greatly assisted in their work by all lovers of law and order. There is no time when it is not the duty of every British subject to speak up and defend the institutions of his country from the vicious attacks of the discontented, and to help allay a harmful unrest. In this way we can all help to ensure the progress and prosperity of our Empire in this trying time.

PHYLLIS HOLLINRAKE, Form V.



A MESSAGE FROM VANCOUVER

Miss Cole has suggested that I send a message through the "Branksome Slogan" to "our girls," past and present.

As I raise my eyes from the pages, I see in the distance the mountains that shut in Burrard Inlet—Vancouver Harbor—to the north, with many snowclad summits rising in lofty and solitary grandeur away behind, and the strange rock formations that seem like two couchant lions, side by side, overlooking and guarding the harbor, and I feel inclined to tell you something of the natural beauties of Vancouver and vicinity; but you will see these for yourselves when you visit British Columbia, and this will be more satisfactory than any word-picture. So I shall tell you about something you cannot see for yourselves, but which will, I hope, make more impression upon your heart and mind than the most lovely natural scenery in the world.

Your little sisters in India, for God "made of one blood all nations"—and remember, India is part of the British Empire, and they are thus bound to us by another tie—these little sisters are in great need of the assistance that you, out of your abundance, can give them. Multitudes of them are orphans or child-widows in consequence of famine, plague, desertion, or the heathen laws and superstitions of Hinduism. In great mercy, God has raised up some who, for love of our Lord Jesus Christ and love of the little ones, give their lives to caring for them, gathering them into homes, feeding and clothing, teaching and training them, so that they become good and useful women. You and I cannot do this, but it is our privilege to assist and to make this blessed work possible, by sending them part of our "tithe;" this is our opportunity. In India at present, the missions are all bearing the extra burden of a very heavy rate of exchange, so that our gifts should be much increased. A quotation from Manoramabai's January letter will give a clear idea of the situation in India. She says, "We have not been sorry to say good-bye to the old year for it has been perhaps the hardest we have known; the high prices, the tremendous loss of money in the exchange, and the starving, hungry people all round us have been hard to bear; but it seems as though in these last days, God is testing His people, and we know He is working out something beyond description both in our earthly lives, and in the life that is to come. Looking back, we can say His grace has been sufficient, and His hand has brought us through.

"We had no presents of any kind to give to our girls this Xmas, but I think they were just quietly thankful and grateful that they had at least no lack of food, and all seemed very happy on Xmas Day. The outside people came as usual and we had very little for them; just some parched rice and dried dates, but they were grateful and seemed to understand that we would have given them more if we could. It was good to see how they now understand why we rejoice at Christmas time, and to realize that they now know Christian hymns, which once they would not have listened to."

I am thankful to have been able to send Ramabai three drafts since last September, totalling £22, and have now almost enough for another draft. Just before Xmas Miss Robinson's and Miss Reynar's

classes sent me \$27.17, which reached Mukti safely and has been acknowledged. Would not the other classes like to follow their example? The enclosed will tell you something of the wonderful native Christian woman whose whole life has been devoted to the orphans and child-widows of India, to whom our gifts are sent. The teachers of the various classes would be pleased to read the story to you, and an Easter offering of thankfulness to our Lord for all His death and resurrection means to us, would encourage Ramabai, and would be well pleasing to our Father in heaven.

It was a great pleasure to receive at Xmas from several former Branksome girls and some of my friends, gifts of money for Ramabai; they knew that would give me much more pleasure than anything personal.

Oh, that Branksome were represented in India by doctors, nurses, teachers, and evangelists, chosen and called by God for this work from among the Alumnae!

MARGARET T. SCOTT.

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF, PAST AND PRESENT

Miss Scott went out last June to spend the winter in Vancouver. She sometimes sees there Miss Minty, Miss Miller and Miss Ramsay, who were at Branksome in Bloor Street days. Miss Ramsay is teaching in Vancouver.

On June 12th, a farewell luncheon was given in honor of Miss Gardiner, Miss Shand, and Mademoiselle Chaubert. The luncheon for fourteen was prepared and served by Myrtle Evans and Helen Ross, two of the Domestic Science Graduating Class.

On Wednesday, June 25th, at Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, the marriage took place of Miss Jessie Starr, a former member of the staff, to Mr. Russell Norman McCormick, of Ottawa.

Miss Gardiner went home to Scotland last summer, and is living in Edinburgh with her father.

Mademoiselle Chaubert went back to her own school, Les Fougères, in Lausanne, Switzerland, last July. The school, which was closed during the war, reopened last fall.

We were glad to welcome back to Branksome, on January 30th, Miss Nora Mackay. We were only sorry that her time in Toronto was so short, and so very much filled that we had to content ourselves with two or three flying visits.

Miss Read spent the Easter holidays in Bermuda.

Miss Shand spent Easter in Toronto. Her many Branksome Hall friends were delighted to see her again. One of the pleasantest incidents of her visit was the children's party given by Miss Tyrrell, for Juniors whom Miss Shand had known at the School.

1919 SUMMER CLOSING

The sixteenth annual summer closing of the school was held on Monday, June 23rd, in the Rosedale Presbyterian Church. The programme consisted of choruses by the school, a solo by Dorothy Young, prayers by the Rev. Dr. Neil and Captain Paulin, and addresses by Dr. Bruce McDonald and Brigadier-General Gunn.

The following prizes were awarded:—

Junior School

Primary—General Proficiency, Aileen Stairs; Second General Proficiency, Lois Plant; Neatness, Theodora Mickle.

Form I. Junior—General Proficiency and Neatness, Margaret Withers; Neatness, Sally Baker; Poetry Prize, Margaret Withers.

Form II. Junior—General Proficiency, Georgina Thorburn; Second General Proficiency and Neatness, Violet Mulock; Improvement in Writing, Sylvia Cayley.

Form III. Junior—General Proficiency and Neatness, Margaret Donald and Madeleine Mara; Improvement in Writing, Catherine Morden; Drawing Prize, Margaret Donald.

Form IV. Junior—General Proficiency and Neatness, Dillwyn Warren; Second General Proficiency, Helen Chitty; Drawing, Emily Thorburn; Nature Study, Betty Francis; Improvement in Writing, Kathleen Coots.

Intermediate—General Proficiency, Elinor Bone; Neatness, Lenore Gooderham; French, Elinor Bone; English, Margaret Wilson.

Senior School

Form I. Senior—General Proficiency, Goldie MacLauchlan and Madeleine De Blois; Neatness, Kathleen Lewis.

Form II. Senior—General Proficiency, Elizabeth Scott and Phyllis West; Neatness, Helen Wright.

Form III. Senior—General Proficiency, Marjorie Bone; Neatness, Helen Rutherford.

Form IV. Special, Senior—English Prize, Isabel Read; Improvement in Neatness, Helen Ross.

Form IV. Senior—Neatness, Marion Kirkpatrick.

Form V.—English Prize, Myrtle Evans.

Current Events:—Form I.—Madeleine De Blois.

Form II.—Jean Ganong, Florence Thompson.

History of Art Prizes:—Form III.—Italian and Flemish Schools, Isobel Watt; Honorable Mention, Marjorie Bone, Helen Rutherford.

Form IV. Special—French and English Schools—Dorothy Young. Honorable Mention, Isabel Read, Helen Ross, Margaret McInnes.

House Prizes:—

Scripture—Edith Burchell, Isabel Read, Dorothy Young, Margaret Maclean.

Scripture (French House)—Sybil Croll, Eileen Odevaine, Houston Scott.

House Neatness—1st, Muriel Shewan; 2nd, Madeleine De Blois; 3rd, Helen Chitty.

French House Neatness—Lesley Bryant.

Courtesy Prize—Margaret McInnes.

Special Bible Prizes (the gift of Miss Scott)—Bernice Dennis, Jean MacLauchlan.

1919—Resident Girls' Victory Bond Prize for sports—Myrtle Evans.

Special Prize for faithful application in singing (presented by Miss Henderson)—Dorothy Stafford.

Slogan Prizes:—Best story, Bernice Jephcott, Form V.; Best poem, Phyllis Hollinrake, Form IV.; Best pen and ink work, Kathleen Meldrum, Form V.

Sports Prizes:—

Senior Tennis Singles—Helen Wright.

Senior Tennis Doubles—Helen Wright, Elizabeth Scott.

Junior Tennis Singles—Jean Ganong.

Junior Tennis Doubles—Jean Ganong, Jessica Johnston.

Physical Training Prizes.—

Military Tactics—Forms IV. and V.

Swedish Drill—Intermediate.

1918 Resident Girls' Victory Bond Prize for Integrity—Helen Howard.

Alumnae Prize for English—Dorothy Stafford.

Domestic Science Certificates—Sybil Croll, Marjorie Galbraith, Ray Gordon, Margaret McInnes, Isabel Read, Helen Ross, Dorothy Stafford, Dorothy Young.

Dietetics Course Certificates—Myrtle Evans, Helen Ross.

Eleanor Stanbury Memorial Prize for English (the gift of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stanbury)—Phyllis Hollinrake, Form IV.

School Medals:—

Jean Hume Memorial Medal for Influence, Scholarship, and Athletics—Bernice Jephcott.

School Medal for Scholarship and faithful Application—Ruth Bone. Honorable Mention—Elizabeth Walton, Marion Kirkpatrick.

After the prizes had been presented by Dr. Neil, Dr. Bruce McDonald, Captain Paulin, Brigadier-General Gunn and Erie Sheppard ('18), the guests were received by Miss Read and the Staff at the school, and refreshments were served by the girls.

BERNICE JEPHCOTT, '19.



French House 1919-20

MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION RESULTS FOR 1918-19**Honor Matriculation**

Margaret Austin—English.

Bernice Dennis—French and Trigonometry, Pass English and Pass Physics.

Phyllis Hollinrake—English.

Bernice Jephcott—English, French, German.

Marion Kirkpatrick—English, French.

Helen Lugsdin—Algebra, Trigonometry, Latin, French, Pass Physics and History.

Jean MacLaren—French, Pass Latin and Chemistry.

Elizabeth Walton—English.

Pass Matriculation

Margaret Austin, Ruth Bone, Marion Kirkpatrick, Elizabeth Walton, Muriel Zybach.

Partial Matriculation

Isobel Cope, Mercedes Godson, Jean Greig, Helen Lugsdin, Kathleen Meldrum, Phyllis Hollinrake, Jacqueline Sinclair.

MIDSUMMER MUSICAL EXAMINATION RESULTS

A.T.C.M. (Piano)—Margaret Morton ('18); Helen Ballantyne ('18). Intermediate Grade—Honours: Phyllis Langdon ('18).

A.T.C.M. (Vocal)—Helen M. Hall ('19). Intermediate Grade—Honours: Marjorie Taber ('19); Dorothy Young ('19). Junior Grade—Honours: Muriel Shewan ('19); Dorothy Stafford ('19).

Sight Singing—Senior Grade—Honours: Helen Hall ('17).

Violin—Intermediate Grade—Honours: Jean Hanna (Form V).

Harmony, Counterpoint and History—Junior Grade—Pass: Margaret Morton ('18).

Counterpoint—Honours: Phyllis Langdon ('18).

Primary Grade Rudiments—Honours: Dorothy Harding (Form II A).

MIDWINTER EXAMINATION RESULTS**University of Toronto, Faculty of Music**

Junior Theory—Honours: Edith Burchell (Form IV, Special); Ruth Becker (Form V); Marion Cantley (Form IV, Special).

Piano, Junior Grade—Pass: Dorothy Harding (Form II A); Bessie McPherson (Form III). Primary Grade—Pass: Catherine Morden (Form IV, Junior). Introductory Grade—Honours: Helen Wright.

Vocal—Junior Grade—Pass: Bernice Dennis (Form V).

Harmony—Honours: Phyllis Langdon.

Rudiments, Elementary Grade—Honours: Wilhelmina Howard.

FRENCH HOUSE YELL

Rataplan! Rataplan!

Crie! Crac! Zut!

Notre école, Branksome Hall,

Est au-dessus de toutes!

SCHOOL NEWS

A competition in Swedish and Tactics between the different classes took place on May 30th. Forms IV. and V. came first in Tactics, and Form II. came second. The Intermediate was first in Swedish and Miss Johnston's Form second.

On June 10th, Miss Hamilton presented prizes won by the Juniors in Dancing Class.

General Proficiency.....	Mary Anderson
Pantomime	Audrey Banks
Improvement	Marjorie Watson
Minuet	Sheila Lee, Madeleine Mara

On Wednesday, December 3rd, an evening's entertainment was given by Jean Sheafe, Mary Hendrie, Francis Wiser, Isabel Ross, Margaret Phippen, Helen Chitty, Susan Ross and Violet Mulock. Tableaus were shown of nineteen advertisements. Catherine Dewar won first prize for guessing the greatest number correctly, and Nancy Wright and Goldie McLauchlin drew for the second prize which was then won by Goldie McLauchlin.

On December 17th, prizes were presented in the Junior Dancing Class for the best work, the first to Dillwyn Warren, and the second to Mary Anderson.

There was a competition in Flag Drills on March 5th, between the four Forms, Forms IV. and V. of the Junior School, the Intermediate, and Form I. of the Senior School. The competition was won by the Intermediate Class.

In the last Victory Loan Essay Competition, three Branksome girls were successful in carrying off medals, Gladys Munro (Form III), Goldie McLauchlin (Form II), and Dorothy Harding (Form II).

On Tuesday, March 30th, there was a Physical Training Competition in wands between Forms II, III, IV and V Juniors, and the Intermediate, in which the Intermediate won.

There was also a competition between Forms II, III, IV (S), IV and V of the Senior School in dumb-bells. This was won by the Forms IV and V Line.

THE DANCE

Quite the event of the year was the dance given by Miss Read for the House Girls of Forms IV. Special, IV., and V., Saturday evening, November first. Dancing took place in the gymnasium, and supper was served in the French House, both being decorated for the occasion. The guests included the prefects of St. Andrew's and Upper Canada Colleges, and some of those who came to town for the McGill-Varsity Rugby match. Twelve o'clock came all too soon, and brought to an end one of the most popular parties Branksome has ever had.



CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

One of the most interesting political prisoners whom the overthrow of Czardom liberated was Catherine Breshkovsky, "The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." Though belonging herself to the wealthy class, she felt keenly the injustice of the peasants' lot in Russia. Disguised as a peasant she went from village to village, sharing the hardships of the most downtrodden class in Europe, and trying to kindle in their hearts the fires which burned in her own. She was incarcerated many times and spent, in all, thirty-five years of her life in prison or in exile in Siberia. No one was more active than she in sowing the seeds of revolt against Romanoff despotism, and, when the dynasty was overthrown, she returned to Petrograd. Madame Breshkovsky had served the cause of liberty too long to tolerate the Bolshevism there. She escaped from Soviet-ruled Russia, and is now preparing for the regeneration of her country by enlisting the world's sympathy and support for its destitute children and war orphans.

It was to collect money for orphanages in Russia that Madame Breshkovsky visited America, and, while in Toronto in June, 1919, we were fortunate enough to have a short visit from her at the school. The girls formed a guard of honor on either side of the driveway, and, after giving three cheers and a tiger for Madame, presented her with a bouquet of roses. Standing on the steps of the motor, Madame Breshkovsky spoke briefly on education in this country, saying how fortunate Canadians were to live in a land where opportunities for learning were within the reach of everyone. Those of us who saw her will not soon forget the heroic figure of Breshkovsky, of whom an eminent man once said, "My ideals of courage, fortitude, and self-sacrifice were raised for all time, and raised by the hand of this woman."

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

The small mining camp was in no great danger of having a Christmas without snow. For three or four weeks the trail that led up the steep mountainside had been closed by it, and the only letters that entered the camp were brought in by some person with a strong will and a plenteous knowledge of snowshoes. The few remaining trees, which the woodman's axe had spared, were bowed under their great load of snow.

Do not let this give you the impression that there was want in the camp. There was plenty of "grub," the fuel supply was abundant, and everyone possessed the amount of clothing necessary in such a place.

Jack, the son of the boss, a healthy lad with a freckled face and curly black hair, was looking out of the window of his cabin home at the wintry scene. He was not missing the Christmas shopping, the streets bright with holly, the glory of the short-lived toys that do so much to make the life of a city boy happy. He was not a city boy, and it was something else that had made his eyes brim with tears, until the view before him was one great, white blur.

His mother moved quietly about the room; the sobs of his sister, Grace, only intensified the silence that filled the cabin.

Three days before there had been a cave-in at the mine, and, when the cable reached the surface on its last trip, only five men were clinging to it. Jack, who was sorting ore a short distance away, did not recognize his father among them, and realized, therefore, that he had either been killed by the cave-in, or was a living prisoner in the mine.

Having been brought up in a hard school, and trained to manhood long before his time, he did not begin at once to cry, as many boys would have done, but rushed to the men who had just come up from the mine, shouting, "Where's Dad?"

One of the miners, putting a comforting arm about him, said, "Don't worry, my boy, we'll get him out. He's safe; he was on the fourth level, and the ground's safe there. We ought to be able to get him out in three or four days. The boss is a strong man; and there is plenty of air and water on that level."

That had been three long days ago.

* * * * *

"Come here, sis," Jack called, and led his sister into the next room. "Now, look here," he said, "I'm going to tell you a secret, but you must first promise me that you won't tell a soul."

"Oh, no! Jackie! Truly, I won't!" she said, proud to be taken into her big brother's confidence.

"Well," said Jack, "There's no one round here can climb better than I can, the shaft's pretty nearly opened up, and I'm going to take Dad's Christmas dinner to him. Now, this is where you come in. Dad loves mother's mince pies, and you must get one of them, and anything else you think he'd like, put it all in a gunny sack, and leave it in the woodshed where I can get it tonight."

That night, when his mother and sister were going to bed, Jack announced that he was going to the shaft, and, as he went frequently to get the latest news, his mother thought nothing of it.

He went cautiously to the shed, and found the well-stocked gunny-sack, which he fastened across his neck with the aid of a stout cord.

At the shaft mouth he put a lighted candle in his hat, and started clambering down over masses of debris. At the third level he struck his head against a projecting mass, and knocked his cap off, and now complete darkness surrounded him. Unable to choose his footing any more, he trod on a piece of rotten wood which gave way beneath him, and he fell, carrying down with him stones and rubbish. When he came to, he felt a cold hand stroking his head, and cried out, "Is that you, Dad?"

His father replied in a shaking voice, "Is it you, Jackie? Heaven grant that you are not badly hurt, my boy."

"I don't think so, Dad, but I'm afraid your Christmas dinner may be a little the worse for wear."

The pie was damaged, but it was still eatable, as they saw by the dim glow of a match which Jack's father lighted. When the match flickered out, they talked in the darkness for a few moments, then Jack's head nodded against his father's shoulder and he fell asleep. When he awoke they had their Christmas dinner in the dim light that filtered through the piles of debris, and later on in the day when more rubbish had been dug out and a strong rope lowered, the boss and his boy were brought up to the surface again, the father somewhat weak from his three days in the shaft, but so strengthened and heartened by his boy's presence in the last hours, and by the nourishing food he had brought him, that he suffered no lasting ill effects from his imprisonment.

JEAN SHEAFE, Form III.



A GROUP OF PREFECTS AND SENIORS

Left to Right—Upper Row—Isabel Reid, Edith Burchell, Helen Howard, Jean McLauchlin. Lower Row—Mary Clay, Muriel Zybach, Bernice Derris, Laura Stone,



CURRENT EVENTS



May 27th, 1919, Principal McKinnon, of Halifax, spoke on his work as a chaplain at the Front.

During the first term of 1919-20, an editor was appointed in each Form, and every second Wednesday she read a paper composed of articles on various current topics, submitted by members of the Form. Form II. A produced the best paper.

Several very interesting outside speakers have also contributed very much to the success of the Current Events period.

October 15th, Mrs. Putnam spoke on the important part thrift stamps had played in the Victory Loan campaigns, and urged continued thrift.

October 23rd, Mrs. Shiro Terada spoke on Japanese customs, and also on her impressions of America.

Mademoiselle Herzog, of our own staff, gave a most interesting account of her trip to Russia during the war, and of the work of the American Red Cross in Paris, on October 29th.

November 12th, Mr. Taplan gave an illustrated lecture on Natural Tread shoes.

November 13th, Mrs. Kennedy, who was the head of the Maple Leaf Club in London, England, during the war, gave an interesting account of the Club's activities.

January 28th, Madame Pantazzi, who has lately returned from Roumania, told us some of her experiences in that country during the war.

March 3rd, Dr. Hall, the seamen's chaplain, reminded us, in his inimitable way, of the importance of the British navy, and told something also of the work of caring for sailors on foreign shores.

March 10th, Mr. Bartlett gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on Armenia, and explained the need of immediate relief for its people.

March 17th, Mr. Haslam lectured on the influence of the Bible on English history.

After Easter we expect to have a series of lantern lectures and travelogues, with a view to learning something more about other countries.

ELEANOR MINNES.
MARY MACPHAIL.

THE ELEMENT OF SUSPENSE

"When they had taken all the men in the village prisoners, they led them back to the captain, and got a medal each." As the old man finished speaking, there were several snorts of disgust from the circle round the fire.

"Huh! that isn't anything," sniffed one old fellow, tilting back his chair. "Why, that isn't anything to what happened to me that time when I was shipwrecked in eighteen-seventy."

At these words there was a groan from the other members of the circle, and a despairing look passed from one to the other. The old man, rocking back and forth on the two legs of his chair, did not choose to see it though, and settled himself against the wall to begin. From behind his hand Old Jake, his neighbor, whispered to the man on the other side of him, "Every time he tells it, he improves it. I remember the first time I heard it, it was quite a modest, likely tale, but now he beats Baron Munchausen himself."

"It was on the good ship 'Hurryup,'" began the old man. "We were going down to Lima from San Francisco. Just as we were about opposite the end of the California peninsula, a terrible storm came up so suddenly that it was dark before the sun had gone down. I was young then, and so strong that folks used to wonder at it.

Well, that storm lasted for weeks, and the ship was wrecked, as I told 'em it would be if they weren't careful. We all got into the life-boats, and ours was one of the last to leave the ship. There were six of the ship's sailors in it, four mining engineers who were on the way to Peru, an old doctor, and myself. We never saw any of the other boats again, and after drifting for about two days we came to land.

None of us knew where we were, but we soon found that we were not on an island, unless it was a very large one, but on the mainland.

After we had been there about a week, I decided one morning to go off on a little exploration trip of my own. I walked inland, taking care to notice any landmarks as I went along, so that I should be able to find my way back. I went farther inland than any of our party had been before. The country was hilly, worn-down hills with big, broad tops, covered with short, scraggy grass and bushes, and a few single trees.

After walking uphill till the sun was beginning to get near the west, I saw a ridge, a definite top to the groups of hills. On reaching this point, I could look back and see the wonderful old Pacific, but ahead of me a group of trees hid the view. It was quite a big group, and it surprised me, as they were practically the first trees I had seen there. I hurried down the slope, and entered the forest with the feeling that there was something queer about it. It was a very still day, and there did not seem to be any life of any kind stirring in the grove.

I had seen what I thought were two tall white birch trees some way ahead, but, as I got nearer them, I realized they were marble columns; then I could see more behind them, and I realized that these

must be the ruins of some kind of a temple. The marble extended to what had evidently been a shrine. Two bits of roof remained at the back, and some of the walls of a chapel.

I cautiously approached this room over the ruins, but, tripping over a piece of stone, I was obliged to grab at the wall for support, and it gave way at once. There was a terrible crash, and, where most of it fell, I saw the floor caving in, too, in one spot. Then I found that most of the floor had been laid on the ground, but in this one place there must have been an underground room. I did what I could to clear some of the broken stone out of the way, as I wanted to see down under it.

The hole turned out to be a room about six feet square, with stone steps running alongside one wall. The air was musty and dank, and I roused one or two bats that whirled by me. However I decided to climb down, and look around, and what do you think I saw? Down in one corner (it gave me an awful start), there was a ——”

The old man paused dramatically, and looked around at his audience, or rather at where his audience should have been, for they were all gone. He had been too engrossed in his story and his pipe to realize it. His chair came down with a thump on its four legs, and he hurried indignantly to the door. There they all were, gathered around the town letter-carrier, who was distributing their mail to them. In this new excitement the old story-teller forgot his wrongs, and elbowed his way to the front of the group. He had a natural desire to see who got letters, and from whom, and what was in them. His curiosity overcame his annoyance.

JEAN CROMBIE, Form IV.

SLOGAN ACCOUNTS

On hand, September, 1918	\$102.38
Sale of Slogans	64.25
Bank interest80
	<hr/>
	\$167.43

Expenses

Voted to Alumnae for expenses	\$15.00
Slogan Cover	15.00
Slogan Cuts	60.78
Prizes	4.50
	<hr/>
	\$95.28

This left a balance in the treasury in June, 1919, of \$72.15, which the 1918-19 Committee of the “Slogan” voted should be put aside to help in the purchase of a Victrola for the Beta Kappa dances.



TENNIS, 1919

May 27th—St. Margaret's vs. Branksome—Singles, Marion Baillie. Doubles, Myrtle Evans, Helen Wright. (B.H.)

June 5th—Moulton vs. Branksome—Singles, Marion Baillie. (B.H.) Doubles, won by Moulton, playing against Larry Dignum and Myrtle Evans.

June 6th—Havergal vs. Branksome—Singles, won by Havergal, playing against Marion Baillie. Doubles, Myrtle Evans, Helen Wright. (B.H.)

June 9th—St. Margaret's vs. Branksome—Singles, Marion Baillie, Doubles, Myrtle Evans, Helen Wright. (B.H.)

June 13th—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome—Singles, Marion Baillie. Doubles, Myrtle Evans, Helen Wright. (B.H.)

June 13th—Senior School Tournament—Singles, Helen Wright. Doubles, Helen Wright, Elizabeth Scott.

June 17th—Junior School Tournament—Singles, Jean Ganong. Doubles, Jean Ganong, Jessica Johnston.

November—Junior School Tournament—Singles, Dorothy Cassels. Doubles, Ruth Saunders, Molly Parker.

November 13th—Senior School Tournament—Singles, Helen Wright. Doubles, Bernice Dennis, Mary McCormack.

This last match was played during a snowfall, the first of the winter season.

BASKET-BALL

In the Fall of 1919, we found that none of the girls of the old team had returned so it was necessary to choose an entirely new team. Form teams were also made up, and a number of interesting matches were played.

The first and second teams were composed as follows:—

First Team—Captain, Mary McCormack; Goals, Mary McCormack, Bernice Dennis; Centres, Muriel Zybach, Jean McLaughlin; Defence, Beatrice Girdlestone, Marion Cantley; Spares, Laura Stone, Hope McCormack.

Second Team—Captain, Lenore Gooderham; Goals, Jean Ganong, Helen Wright; Centres, Mary Barker, Ruth Saunders; Defence, Mollie Parker, Lenore Gooderham; Spare, Phyllis West.

Oct. 14th—Havergal vs. Branksome (Juniors)—Won by Havergal; 30-10.

Oct. 16th—Glen Mawr vs. Branksome (Seniors)—Won by Glen Mawr; 24-19.

Oct. 24th—Havergal on the Hill vs. Branksome (Juniors)—Won by Havergal; 31-16.

Oct. 25th—Glen Mawr vs. Branksome (Seniors)—Won by Branksome; 16-8.

Nov. 6th—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome (Seniors)—Won by Bishop Strachan; 63-4.

Dec. 4th—Technical School vs. Branksome (2nd team)—This match was played on the Technical School indoor court and the teams proved to be evenly matched, the score being 12-12 when time was called. Playing overtime, the Technical School succeeded in getting one more basket making the resulting score 14-12, in their favor.



The Hockey Team

HOCKEY

Owing to the very long, cold winter, we had a perfect sheet of ice from early January until the first week in March, and many matches were played with outside teams.

First Team—Captain, Ruth Becker; Centre, Ruth Becker; Wings, Jean McLaughlin, Jean Southam; Defence, Jean Ganong, Bernice Dennis; Goal, Lenore Gooderham.

A League was formed consisting of four teams, the Reds, Greens, Whites and Blacks, and a number of most exciting games took place between them.

Jan. 29th—St. Margaret's vs. Branksome, won by St. Margaret's; 5-1.

Feb. 10th—St. Margaret's vs. Branksome, won by Branksome; 1-0.

Feb. 13th—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome, won by Bishop Strachan; 7-0.

Feb. 17th—Rosedale School vs. Branksome, won by Rosedale School; 6-0.

Feb. 19th—Havergal vs. Branksome, won by Havergal; 5-0.

Feb. 23rd—Rosedale School vs. Branksome, won by Rosedale; 8-2.

Feb. 24th—Haveragal vs. Branksome, won by Havergal; 5-3.

Mar. 1st—Red Devils vs. Branksome, won by Red Devils; 4-2.

Mar. 2nd—Rosedale School vs. Branksome, won by Rosedale; 4-1.

On February 20th, Branksome played a practice match with St. Margaret's on the Victoria College Rink. The resulting score was 2-1, in favor of St. Margaret's. Our team were the guests of the St. Margaret's team, a line was taken from the House to see the practice, and the afternoon was a very enjoyable one.

BERNICE DENNIS, Form V.



The Rink

GEMS FROM IIA.

The girl's effervescence was very unexpected, and surprised many of those who were standing around.

The discrepancy was hot and pointed.

After her morning walk, Mary always felt very much accelerated.

The different antidotes which he performed were surprising.

He boycotted the little boy in a horrible manner.

The anticlimax before the volcano was terrific.

**VIEWS OF A WHISKEY BOTTLE ON PROHIBITION—AND
OTHER VIEWS**

"Oh, why do I have to be done away with?" mourned the Whiskey Bottle, sitting in a dark, dark corner on a shelf. "What would the sick and wounded have done without me and my cousin, the Brandy Bottle, during the war? Why can't this be a free country as regards drinking, like Europe, where men can drink what they wish without fear of being fined? What are business men to do, coming home tired out from a long and wearisome day at the office if they cannot have their good friend, the Whiskey Bottle, to give them a little much-needed support? Think of the flavor, too, that your Christmas pudding will lose without Cousin Brandy Bottle! There is no substitute that can equal him. What will revive an unconscious man more quickly, water or I? I, Mr. Whisky Bottle, am sure there will be many at my funeral, mourning the loss of a dear friend!"

* * * * *

Enter a child with a doll in her arms.

"Dolly, dear, let's get that bad old Whiskey Bottle that has made mother cry so often, and throw it away. Father won't come home drunk any more now, Dolly, for I read in the paper this morning that there is to be no more whiskey. Do you remember how he used to come in and kick poor pussy out of doors; yes, and sometimes he used to strike mother and me. What a good thing you are made of celluloid, for the time he threw you on the floor, it only dented your nose a teeny, weeny bit. The next morning he was always so sorry, and promised never to be like that again, but he never could resist Mr. Whiskey Bottle. Remember, Dolly, how mother laughed and cried when the Whisky Bottle went away for just a little while? Now it's gone away for good, and I am so, so happy, for now Daddy will always be just as kind and loving as Mother is, and we are going to have the loveliest times together, the three of us, and Dolly, you shall share them all, because you've been one of my best friends in the worst times.

DOROTHY CASSELS, Form IIA.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A WEDDING RING

Another disappointment! That makes the sixth one this morning. It is so exasperating to have a man pick you up, and look you over, and then say with a shake of his head, "I'm afraid I can't give that much; show me the one in the purple plush case." Really, sometimes I regret that my price is so high for that reason, though it certainly gives one a lordly feeling to be the highest-priced wedding ring in Tiffany's jewelry store, New York City.

Ah! here comes a handsome young man, who looks promising. Good! he has stopped in front of my window. He seems to be on very good terms with the clerk. He is telling him that he wants the best wedding ring for the best girl in the world: How romantic! Surely this is my chance. The clerk says to the young man, "This is the very best we have, Mr. Dick." He does not take long to look at me before making up his mind, then hurrah! I am in his pocket. I think he was rather astonished at my price, but he didn't hesitate even then.

I am very anxious to know what my mistress will be like. I do hope that she will not be nervous. I had a friend once in the shop, and he told me that he had had a hard life out in the world before he came there. His mistress had been an extremely nervous lady. She had talked with her hands and moved him up and down so much on her finger that at length he was worn thin, and had to come into the shop to be made over.

Dear! I wonder when the wedding will be. Soon, I hope, for I long for the time when I shall be out of this box, beautiful as it is, and on some lovely lady's finger. It will be wonderful to be with her always. Think of the dinners and theatres to which I shall accompany her.

We are at home, at least I suppose so, because Mr. Dick has just slammed a door, and is complaining of the cold out-of-doors.

Horrors! I hear a man's voice, asking for Mr. Dick's coat. If he should leave me in it!

All's well! Mr. Dick took me out of his pocket before he gave his coat to the man, and when he got up to his room he took me out of the box, and looked at me for a long while as he said, "Only five days more, only five days more!" I've an inkling that that means the wedding will come in five days. It seems a long time yet, but I shall have to wait, I suppose.

* * * * *

I spent those five days in Mr. Dick's pocket, and mostly in his hand in his pocket, for he seems to like to assure himself often of the fact that I am there.

At last the day and the hour arrive, and I am placed on a beautiful blue velvet cushion. On either side of the cushion is a little boy dressed in a white satin suit, and I must say they both look lovely.

Hark! I hear music. Someone rushes through the door and says, "Come, children, and be very careful not to let the ring drop."

This surely is going to be exciting. The children have picked me up on the cushion, and have started downstairs. Mercy! they nearly spilt me! We're in the procession now, right behind Mr. Dick. Then the music stops, and then I hear a man talking. I can see him now.

I presume he's the minister. He is saying something like this, "I, Richard, take thee, Lola—"

Horrors! I almost fell off that time; one of the pages sneezed, and I went rolling to one end of the cushion. Luckily I was caught in time, but I felt very dizzy. Oh dear! I'm afraid I am going to faint, and miss all the—

I think that the surprise of encircling a soft finger brought me back to earth. But what's this above me now? A diamond ring! How lovely, to be in such nice company always!

Everybody is coming up and congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Dick, and there is a great deal of laughing and chattering. It is really all very jolly, and I can settle down at last, feeling that I have found a real live home, and said good-bye forever to the plush-lined box that shut me in for so long.

HELEN KINGSTON, Form III.

ANSWERS TO EXAMINATIONS

The Crusades were people who went to fight in the Holy Land.

The Crusades were Crusaders.

The Romans taught the Britons to sing and grow vegetables.

The man who made King John sign the great charter was one of the Popes.

As soon as Solomon sat on the throne he began to build.

Explanation of the lines from "To A Soldier in Hospital"—
"You know the wisdom taught by Calvary at twenty-three."

This means that in the cavalry you are taught the lesson of discipline.

Absalom was caught in a tree, and lay suspended in the air.

On the second day God created information.

Goliath was a big man, fond of fighting.

Job was an Eastern gentleman.

Job stayed good, so he got back all his positions.

"And they laid them on the ballast down below" means that he took the sick men on board, and used them for ballast.

If three-quarters is not the whole, what is the whole?

The angels at the base are equal.

Draw a triangle A, B, C. Then A, B, C is a straight line.

"Still protect us

By Thy presents ever near."

Queen Victoria was the longest Queen that remained on the throne.

Antony spent the year in idol dalliance with Cleopatra, and then he gave her some of his provinces.

Geometry is the science of stating and proving what you state is true.

Median is something between short and long, or big and small.

"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

Mr. Rochester turned away and reentered the crowded ballroom, and Anne was left alone, leaning against the balustrade of the deserted piazza. Her face was white and her eyes wide with uncertainty, incredulity and dread.

"Impossible," she murmured. "That nice good-looking boy a spy! And yet—" she shivered. She had a sickening feeling that Mr. Rochester, the old family lawyer, had been right. What should she do? That "boy" was her guest, had been brought down for the week-end by her chum, who seemed so fond of him, and Babs would never—! Well she must find out for herself, that was all. She knew very well where her duty lay if it turned out to be true.

Beautiful Anne Brandeith crossed to the open French window, and entered the palatial home which she and her father had occupied ever since her mother's death three years before. She was immediately surrounded by a crowd of laughing, chattering, young people who bore her triumphantly off to cut the birthday cake on which gleamed twenty-three candles.

A few hours later Anne said good-bye to her last guest, and climbed wearily upstairs to her room. The party had been a great success and yet—"Oh, I'm sure it can't be true! Babs would be broken-hearted. They're still out there in the moonlight. Dear, dear it looks like love's young dream!" said this ancient individual of twenty-three with an experienced nod. "Well, there's no use worrying about it any more to-night, that's certain, but it's to-morrow or never!" She slipped into her father's room to say good-night. Her darling old Dad, who was so innocent and unsuspecting, despite the fact that some of the government's weightiest secrets were in his hands. She knew that that very morning he had received a very official-looking envelope, but of its contents she was quite innocent.

In spite of her worries she slept well, and looked as fresh as a rose in the morning. She had already decided that it would be wiser not to mention her suspicions to anyone else, but to keep young Mr. Hunter—or Bob as she was beginning to call him—in sight as much as possible.

Her cousin, a young naval officer, was also down for the week-end, and, shortly after breakfast, the four of them set out for the tennis-courts, which were situated near the swimming-pool, quite a distance from the house.

The game was progressing favorably, and Anne's suspicions began to vanish in the air. How could such a pleasant and agreeable young man be anything else but what he appeared to be? Bob made a violent strike at the ball and—missed! Anne began to laugh good-humoredly, but stopped suddenly, for a low exclamation of disgust had escaped him. Had she heard aright? it had sounded suspiciously foreign. Just then Bob's valet appeared with the message that he was wanted on the telephone. With many apologies he begged the others to go on without him, saying that, as it was a long-distance call, he might be some time.

Anne smiled sweetly, and said, watching him closely, "Why, that's quite all right, Bob. We can leave these two to play in peace

and quietness, as I have to go up to the house for a few minutes also." A tiny little frown appeared, but was gone immediately as he replied, "Is it anything I could get for you, Anne? It's a shame to walk all that way in the heat, unless it's necessary." "Oh, no thank you," replied Anne innocently, but inwardly thinking that it would look better if Bob weren't quite so anxious to leave her on the tennis-court.

They walked to the house in silence, and separated just inside the front door, Bob to go to the telephone in the library, and Anne to run quickly upstairs to her room. Carefully closing the door behind her, she crossed the room, and silently took down the receiver of her own private 'phone. She hated the thought of eavesdropping, but what else was to be done? She listened but could hear no sound. It couldn't have been a very important message if they were finished already.

Ah, she had it now! Of course it was just an excuse to get into the house alone, and do whatever he had planned to do before coming on this visit. She knew that her father was out. He had motored in to the city immediately after breakfast. She must do something herself—but what?

She opened her door, and tiptoed quietly down the stairs, and towards the library. Fortunately she was still wearing her tennis shoes, and so was able to move with practically no sound. Pulling aside the curtain a little, she saw someone with his back turned to her, bending over her father's desk, and hurriedly turning over some papers. She watched him closely, hardly daring to breathe. Suddenly she heard him give a little cry of triumph. He had found what he wanted then. How could her father have been so careless? But that was Dad all over! She saw him slip the paper into the vest pocket of his coat, and turn towards her. She dropped the curtain into place, and uttered a piercing scream. Bob came rushing out of the room just in time to receive a half-fainting and wholly hysterical girl in his arms.

"In Heaven's name, what is it?" he cried.

"Oh! Oh!" she moaned, "there's a man in my room and he—no, don't leave me!" she cried, clinging to him wildly.

"But, my dear girl, I can't let him stay there!" said the young man anxiously.

"Well, perhaps you had better go and see, but don't let him shoot you!" And the frightened girl slipped down in a heap on the floor, but, as soon as Bob had disappeared around the bend of the stair, she seemed suddenly to recover her self-possession. Putting her hand into her sweater pocket she drew out the very envelope which her father had received that morning. "So, I was right after all!" she sighed, then, glancing swiftly around to see that she was not observed, she stooped and shoved the letter under the pedestal of a bronze statute, which was standing beside her, and turned anxiously to meet the young man who was running down the stairs.

"Are you sure you weren't mistaken, Anne? I can't find any trace of anyone, and nothing seems to be disturbed," he cried.

"Well, he gave me a good fright, anyway," said Anne, "and, if you can't find him, I'll have to see what the police can do."

"Really, Miss Brandeith," he began, coldly, but she was already at the 'phone. He looked around him nervously. This would never do. He had no desire to have the officers of the law in his vicinity, until that paper was safely in the hands of his superiors. He put his hand in his pocket to see that the precious document was quite safe, and just at that moment, Anne, who had been watching him through a crack in the door, whispered an agonized "Hurry!" into the 'phone, and came smilingly towards him, with the announcement that the police would not be able to come till the afternoon, but that—"Why what **is** the matter, Bob?"

"Er-nothing—that is—well, I've mislaid a letter that I—nothing very important, you understand, but I didn't want to lose it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Is there anything I can do to help you find it?"

"Oh, never mind. It really doesn't matter. But, Anne, I'll have to leave for the city immediately. That message that came for me was from my partner, telling me of some business that I must attend to at once."

"Oh, that is too bad, just when we were having such a nice time together! But at least you'll stay for lunch. All the cars are out, and there's no train until the 1.45."

Again that strange little exclamation, which was most assuredly not English, but thinking that, at all events, he would be safely out of the house long before the police arrived, he resigned himself to the inevitable.

"We had better go down to the tennis-court again, I guess," said Anne, "They will be wondering what has happened to us. Just wait a minute till I speak to James about your lunch."

She gave the butler instructions that as soon as the police arrived, he was to send for Mr. Hunter, with the message that his lunch was ready.

Everything went as she had planned, and, when she saw the car which contained the supposed Mr. Hunter vanishing in the distance, she explained to her horrified listeners what had happened.

"But, Anne," exclaimed her friend, "how **did** you do it?"

The erstwhile heroine, however, had now seated herself forlornly on the grass, and, in a voice that sounded suspiciously husky, begged them to "go away, and leave her alone!"

ISOBEL WATT, Form IV.

POPULAR SONG MEDLEY

"Peter Gink" was "Waiting," "Yearning," "Nobody Knows" how much. "You'd Be Surprised," if you did. He used to say: "Widows are Wonderful," and rave about "My Cairo Love" and "Egypt Land"; but "In Tulip Time" he changed his song and said "There is No Better Time for Kissing" than "When the Cherry Blossoms Fall" "In Normandy." He was "Building Castles in the Air" about some other "Jazz Baby" then. "I Wonder if It's You."

FORM IV. SPECIAL.



Y. W. C. A. REPORT FOR 1919-20

At the first meeting of the Y.W.C.A., on October 5th, the following officers were elected:—

Honorary President	Miss Read
President	Muriel Zybach
Vice-President	Laura Stone
Secretary	Grace Paterson
Treasurer	Jean McLauchlin
First Work Convener	Nancy Wright
Second Work Convener.....	Marion Stodart

On October 17th, the first meeting of the Association was held. The evening was spent in sewing and knitting for the convalescent soldiers.

On November 21st, Miss Greig, from the University Settlement, came and spoke on her work there, and the Association decided to give a piano lamp to the Settlement for one of their club rooms for Christmas, and also to provide a bag of candy for each of the children.

On November 28th, an Indoor Sports evening was held in the gymnasium. Prizes were won by Catherine Dewar, Vera Birkett and Mary McCormack. Ice cream and cake were sold by the Y.W.C.A. committee at the end of the evening.

On December 14th, Esther Peters, a Burmese girl, came to the School, and told many interesting tales of her home and of life in Burmah.

The annual Skating Party was held on January 30th. With splendid weather, the music of a fine hurdy-gurdy, and good ice, the

party was a great success. Refreshments were served at the end, and a considerable sum was cleared.

On February 29th Miss Armstrong, a returned missionary from Burma spoke on her work, and showed some interesting pictures of the country and the people.

On March 19th, the Reverend Dr. Carter lectured on India, showing slides of the many schools that the Zenana Mission is conducting there.

During the Fall term a great many sweaters and bed-socks were made for invalid soldiers in the hospitals in town. The Association also bought a Victory Bond, the interest on which is to be used for a prize at the end of the year.

GRACE PATERSON,
Secretary.

Treasurer's Report

Victory Bond bought	\$50.00
Navy League	10.00
Tag Day (for Aged Women's Home)	20.00
Collection for Roumania	30.00
Skating Party	60.00
Collection for Armenia	40.00
Collection for Ramabai	17.17
Regular Collections	91.68
Sale of woollen gollywogs by Helen Chitty, Violet Mulock, and Susan Ross, in aid of the Armenian children	10.00
Total	\$328.85

JEAN McLAUCHLAN, Form IV.,
Treasurer.

THE VACCINATION BLUES!!!

The Branksome girls, one dreadful night,
Found themselves in a terrible plight;
They gnashed their teeth, and tore their hair,
And almost wept in their despair.

Now the doctor and nurse in the sitting-room stood,
And vaccinated them as fast as they could,
Some came out with mournful face,
Others followed at a lively pace.

The girls, when they had all been done,
Were each presented with a Chelsea bun,
And ice cream, too, the victims had,
To soothe their nerves, and cheer the sad.

MARJORIE GORDON,
NANCY WRIGHT,
Form IV.Special.

"A ROMANCE"

I.

"Will you marry me, Virginia?"

The girl in the hammock gave a slight start, and looked up into the face of the tall, young man beside her with some surprise. Then she said slowly, "Are you in earnest, Bruce?"

It was the man's turn to be astonished. "Why, of course. I would not joke about a thing like this," he said. "Don't you love me a little, dear? May I not hope—"

"Oh, Bruce!" exclaimed the girl impatiently, "Don't be so absurdly prosaic. I have sometimes dreamed of being proposed to, but never like this. The scene should be a lovely moonlight night out in a garden, or on the water, and I would like to feel that I was looking my best. Now, it is the middle of the morning, we have just been playing tennis, and I'm hot and tired and cross. Besides, you don't act like a lover in a book. You should get down on your knees, and clutch your hair, and swear you can't live without me."

Bruce Fraser smiled a little at the girl's vehement protest. He believed she really loved him, so he was not seriously alarmed at this outburst, but he was puzzled how to meet it.

"I'm sorry, dear," he said, "I don't seem to measure up to your romantic requirements. Shall I try again? Is it too late to go down on my knees?"

The girl flushed angrily. "Don't be silly, Bruce," she said, "I wouldn't marry you now, not if you asked me a thousand times. Please go away and leave me. I will have a thrill about my marriage if I have to answer an advertisement in the newspapers to get it!"

"You wouldn't dare," said the young man, angry in his turn.

"Would I not? You shall see," was the defiant answer, and Virginia rose from her couch, and swept into the house with as much injured dignity as she could muster.

Bruce stood looking after her for a few minutes, then turned with a sigh, and walked slowly down the avenue. He was really in love with Virginia and had thought that she cared for him too.

II.

The Ramsay's were wealthy American people, able to give their only child, Virginia, everything she wanted. When she finished school at eighteen, her mother had a large coming-out party for her and a season of gaieties followed. Virginia was a pretty girl, and was soon the centre of her own little court. Of all the eligible young men who swarmed around her, Bruce Fraser was the one most favored by her parents. Mrs. Ramsay looked on him as a son, for he had no close relations, and came often to join the Ramsay's home circle.

When Virginia told her mother she had sent Bruce away, Mrs. Ramsay was disappointed, but, like a wise woman, she said nothing, thinking it would all come right in the end. Bruce was spending his holidays at a country club, only a mile or so away, and she thought Virginia would see a great deal of him and finally recognize his worth. But she was mistaken. The girl ceased to pay any attention to Bruce at all, though in her own heart she sometimes regretted her silly coldness.

Then one day a letter came for Virginia written in a strange, small hand. She smiled and blushed as her father handed it to her at the breakfast table, and, as soon as possible, ran to her own room to read it. It began "My dearest Miss Virginia," and was signed "Yours till death, C. Lee." Virginia had kept her threat. She had answered a matrimonial advertisement in the only paper of the small town a few miles away, and this was her reply. The letter was rather sentimental, she thought, but the writer said he found himself quite capable of taking care of a wife at once and would like to marry her as soon as possible.

Virginia took out the advertisement and read it over again. It was:—

"Young, well-to-do gentleman wishes to meet refined young lady, 18 or 20 years of age. Object, matrimony. Apply Box 313, Daily News."

Virginia found her letter harder to write than she had expected, but finally it was finished. She told Mr. Lee that she would marry him when they had written to one another for a while, and said that of course it must be a runaway marriage, as it would not be sufficiently romantic unless it were. When she had finished it, Virginia ran down and slipped the letter into the mail box herself.

III.

Bruce Fraser was a long-suffering young man, but when it came to losing half his supply of collars at the laundry, his patience gave out. He went himself to the one Chinese laundry the little town boasted, and demanded reparation. While the Chinaman was making inquiries in the back of the shop, Bruce's attention was attracted by a letter lying on the counter, addressed in Virginia's hand-writing. When the Chinaman came back, he said to him, "Say, Chong, where did you get this letter?"

Chong bowed and scraped and then answered, "Me advertisee in paper. Me gettee answer. Me mallee plitty Melican lady."

"Have you written to her?" asked Bruce.

"Yes," and the Chinaman produced a book entitled, "How to Write Love Letters." Then Bruce handed over some bills, and he and Chong put their heads together, and began to plot.

IV.

A series of interesting and even thrilling love letters began to come to Virginia now, still in the small, neat, hand, and finally, in about three weeks, one which read, "My dearest, meet me at the little church on M—— Street at nine o'clock to-morrow evening. I will have the minister, the license, and the ring. Your devoted C. Lee."

With many a quiver, Virginia read this note, and then ran to get out her best white dress, and see that it was all right for the next evening. When the time came, she arrayed herself with care, and going to the garden, picked a large bunch of white roses. As soon as dinner was over, she flung on a dark cloak, and slipped out all alone, to go to the church.

When she finally arrived, she was so excited, she could hardly speak. A young Chinaman came forward, and said with a bow, "You

Missee Virginee Lyamsay?" Virginia nodded, amazed, and he said, "Me Chong Lee. Me mallee you now, eh?" Virginia shrank back, appalled, then, suddenly she caught sight of a familiar figure in the background. With a little cry, she ran towards it. "Oh, Bruce, save me! I can't marry that Chinaman! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Marry me instead!" Bruce replied promptly.

After the simple ceremony in the little old-fashioned church, Virginia and Bruce walked back to the Ramsay's house together. As they turned down the avenue, Virginia said with a happy little smile, "I really had my own way after all, Bruce. I did have a romantic wedding!"

MARJORIE BONE, Form IV.

THE BATTLE OF ENGLISH HOUSE NAMES

The Romans once declared war upon the Scotts, because the Scotts thought themselves Wiser than the Romans. The Scotts, with the help of the MacLauchlins, organized in Glasgow, while the Romans thought they were Wright to organize at Cann(es). Many battles were fought upon the Clay, and some men turned White with fear when they heard General Stoddard Read the news of the loss of men of the Gordon clan. Suddenly a Page came running to the General to say that Gundy, a leader of the Romans, had been killed by a poisoned Raisin, and that he would not give a Nickle for the lives of Livingston, Southam and Porteous and some of the other men who had eaten them. The Scotts sent the McCormacks and Magann and McColgan to parley with the enemy, and later Ferguson and Robertson joined them. Burchell's gunpowder and Phippen's shells had accomplished a crushing defeat, and the Roman king had his choice to Walk-er run away. He stayed long enough to see Majors Ross and Hendrie helping to carry a Sheafe of wounded from the field and then De-war was ended.

MARY HENDRIE, II. B.
FRANCES WISER, II. B.
JESSIE WRIGHT, I.

THE BRANKSOME HALL-IC BLUES

We've got the Blues, we've got the Blues,
We've got the Branksome Hallic Blues!
No more sleeping in, no more fun,
Up at seven for the morning run,
Good-bye dancing! So-long, men!
When will you both be coming back again?
We've got the Blues, we've got the Blues,
We've got the Branksome Hallic Blues!
Some folks say that school is—well!
You know, we don't care to tell!
Oh!—we've got the Branksome Hallic Blues!

BETA KAPPA NOTES

The opening meeting of the Beta Kappa was held on October 3rd, at which the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—

Honorary President.....	Miss Cole
President	Bernice Dennis
Vice-President	Griswoldine Comstock
Secretary	Clara Farrell
Treasurer	Marjorie Bone
Musical Convener.....	Hope McCormack
Debating Convener.....	Helen Howard

The Staff of the Slogan was also elected at this meeting, as follows:—

Editor-in-Chief—Phyllis Hollinrake, Form V.

Form Editors—Isobel Watt (IV), Nancy Wright (IV. Special), and Mary McCormack (III.)

On October 20th a meeting was held at which the house-girls entertained the day-girls with a short play, recitations, and piano and vocal solos.

The Annual Masquerade was held on October 31st. The gymnasium was attractively decorated with black and orange streamers, and other Hallowe'en features. The costumes of the girls were pretty and varied. Prizes were awarded to Francis Wiser and Katherine Strickland for the prettiest costumes, to Nancy Wright for the most original, and to Helen Holmes and Eleanor Sykes for the most amusing. Supper was then served, bringing to a close a most enjoyable evening.

On December 5th the meeting took the form of a *Soirée française*, the programme consisting of two plays, “*Les domestiques de Mademoiselle Estelle*,” and “*Le Testament de Madame Patural*.” Several girls sang French songs. The meeting closed with the singing of the “*Marseillaise*.”

A debate was the principal item on the programme on January 23rd, the subject being, “Resolved that vaccination is more beneficial than harmful.” Form III. representatives for the affirmative were Mary McCormack and Lucy Hunter, Form IV. for the negative were Jean Crombie and Marjorie Bone. The negative side won the debate by one point.

On February 13th, Beta Kappa had a sleighing party. Owing to the prevalence of “flu” this party was confined to the House-girls, who filled two vans and had a very enjoyable ride from 7 until 9 o'clock when they came back to the school to supper served by the committee.

A vaudeville programme was given on February 27th, which, being a novel entertainment, was very much appreciated. This was the last meeting before the Easter holidays.

CLARA FARRELL,

Secretary.

BETA KAPPA ACCOUNTS**Amount Collected**

Fees	\$43.50
Sale of Ice Cream, etc.	14.55
	<hr/>
	\$58.05

Expenditures

Ice Cream, Cakes, etc.	\$15.25
Tissue Paper and decorations	2.95
Prizes	3.20
Material for curtain	28.00
Hanging of curtain, curtain pines, etc.	8.10
	<hr/>
	\$57.50

This year the Society aimed to get a curtain to be hung across the back of the stage permanently, and we are glad to report that we were able to buy a dark green curtain, and that the appearance of the stage has been greatly improved by it.

MARJORIE BONE, Form IV.,
Treasurer.

THE AUTOMOBILE

I am a pedestrian. Last summer as I walked along a lovely country road I heard a motor behind me. I quickly stepped into the ditch, and there waited for the approaching car to pass me. This it did, showering me simultaneously very generously with thick, red sand. As I happened to have washed my hair that morning, can you blame me for harboring thoughts far from complimentary about that motor car?

I am a pedestrian. As I plough home through the snow on sidewalk and road in the winter, I anathematize the automobile. Coming from town with my arms full of parcels I stand on the curb for many a precious minute, while an endless surge of motor cars passes me by. At last I feel that I may safely cross, and so I do—halfway. Then I see a motor car to the right of me, another to the left of me, another in front of me, and I hear the honk of a horn behind me. Under such circumstances, how is one to have patience with the automobile?

I am a pedestrian. I walked to church on Easter Sunday, carefully sidestepping all the puddles on the way. I was feeling pleased with my new fawn suit and Alice blue hat, but, as I turned on to Bloor Street, a Packard limousine, which was turning also, sprinkled me liberally with liquid mud. To add insult to injury, a Ford skidded the next minute and pushed me gently but firmly into a rut full of water on the road, thereby ruining my new shoes.

I am a pedestrian. Sometimes, however, I ride in other folks' cars. One spring day a friend of mine invited me to join her picnic party. We were to motor seven miles out into the country, and there spend the day. The first two miles were thoroughly enjoyable; then

we had a puncture. After working for about ten minutes in the boiling sun, we mended this satisfactorily and started off again. Fifteen minutes later, there was a painful jar, and the car came to a standstill. We all got out again, and, on careful investigation, discovered a leak in the gasoline tank, and a tack in one of the back tires. We walked halfway home before we saw a street car!

I am a pedestrian. Day by day I find I can add to my long list of grievances against the automobile; and day by day I am hoarding my pennies so that some day I may be the proud possessor of a car. It will never get out of order, that is one thing about one's own car, people tell me, it never gets out of order. Pedestrians are becoming extinct, and I wish to step out of that class, before I meet a premature death in it.

HELEN HOWARD, Form III.

THE LONELY HOUSE

Two miles out of the village of Deloro stood a solitary house, singular and foreboding in appearance. It was roughly-built, grey, and weather-beaten, and so old that the roof was sinking in the middle. It was set well back from the main road, and completely hidden by tall elm trees, vines, and shrubs.

People believed that the house was haunted, and, on that account, no one ever ventured near it. The story told in connection with the ghost that haunted it was that, many years before, a woman and her son and nephew had lived there. One night, the son, arriving home drunk, killed his cousin whom he had always disliked, and the woman, terrified lest her son would be caught and hanged, locked the body in the attic, and together they fled from the house, never to be heard of again.

The ghost of the dead man was supposed to roam around at 12 o'clock every night, the time when the murder had been committed, moaning, and cursing his aunt and cousin.

* * * * *

It had become evident that for some time the production of silver had decreased at the large refining plant in Deloro, and yet the same quantity of Cobalt ore was being used. Detectives were summoned eventually to watch the men at work. They discovered that two men were stealing the silver, and taking it to the "haunted house," where, by the use of some crude apparatus, they were making it into coins, ten and twenty-five cent pieces.

* * * * *

Some time later, prohibition came into force, and Deloro was supposed to "go dry," yet the foreigners who worked at the refining plant certainly appeared as if they were getting whiskey from somewhere. Fights between the men happened too often. Finally one man was seriously wounded in a drunken brawl, and investigations were made at once to find out where the liquor was obtained.

It was traced to the "haunted house," where two men were operating a still, and selling the liquor at an enormous profit to the foreigners. The still was wrecked, and the men who owned it went to jail.

* * * * *

There came a dark stormy winter night with snow falling fast, and the wind blowing a hurricane, and whistling through the trees. In the midst of the storm there was a loud crash, an indescribable sound, hollow and ghostly, as if the Evil One had given something up against his will, and was venting his anger upon some object.

The following morning passers-by noticed at the side of the road, two miles outside Deloro, several immense elm trees lying on the ground, and a mass of underbrush laid flat, torn up by the roots. Underneath, almost concealed lay the wreck of the "haunted house." It was never touched, and finally the wood of it decayed and was swallowed up by the hungry earth. People still tell this tale of the mound outside Deloro.

NANCY WRIGHT, Form IV., Special.

MARY'S VOTE

Mary had a little vote,
Which was a good new rule,
She'd never heard of such a thing,
When she was going to school.

She walked into the polling booth
Her little vote to cast,
And, when the clerk asked for her name,
She said, "Why do you ask?"

"Take no offence," he calmly said,
"Your name we must be told;
Or else we can't give you a vote,
So do not think us bold."

"Now, Mary, simply mark a cross
By the name on which you dote,
Unless upon the Referendum
You also want to vote."

So Mary took her little slip
Behind a great, thick curtain,
And put a cross in every square,
To make her vote quite certain.

And that is why, woe! and alas!
Without a shadow of a doubt,
When all the ballot-slips were counted
They threw poor Mary's out.

GRACE BONE, Form I.



EXCHANGES



"Review," October, 1919—Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

"Copa de Oro," 1918-1919—Orland Union High School, Orland, California.

"Stanstead College Magazine," July, 1919—Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.

"Collegian," Christmas, 1919—Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ontario.

"Excelsior," Christmas, 1919—Collegiate Institute, Ingersoll, Ont.

"Vox Lycei," Christmas, 1919—Hamilton Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ontario.

"The L. C. I. Review," Christmas, 1919—London Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario.

"Managra," March, 1919—Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Blue and White," Christmas, 1919—Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.

"The Annals," 1918—The University Schools, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Windsorian," Easter, 1919—King's College School, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

"Saint Andrew's College Review," Christmas, 1919, and Easter, 1919—Saint Andrew's College, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Carteret," January and February, 1920—Carteret Academy, Orange, New Jersey.

"The College Times," Christmas, 1919, and Easter, 1919—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Bishop's College School Magazine," Christmas, 1919—Bishop's College School, Sherbrooke, Que.

"The Bishop Strachan School Magazine," June, 1919—Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario.

"St. Margaret's Chronicle," June, 1919—St. Margaret's College, Toronto, Ontario.

"Vox Collegii," Christmas, 1919—Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ontario.

"The Argus," March, 1920—Appleby School, Oakville.

"Vox Lycei," Easter, 1920—Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

We acknowledge with thanks the above school magazines, and hope they will continue to exchange with us.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"Vox Collegii" is a very interesting and well arranged paper, but would be enhanced by one or two stories and some illustrations.

"St. Margaret's Chronicle" is splendidly edited and one of our best exchanges. A table of contents in the front of the book, and a junior department would be appreciated.

"Bishop Strachan School Magazine" is most complete and interesting for one issued twice a year. Your illustrations are good.

"The Annals,"—A splendid and well illustrated magazine. You should be very proud of your honor roll.

"The Windsorian" is a very large and interesting magazine for one issued thrice yearly. A table of contents would enhance its value, and how a few more jokes and cartoons would be appreciated!

"The Saint Andrew's College Review" is, this year as always, one of the finest exchanges we have. Every department is excellent and well-developed.

"The Carteret" is a splendid monthly paper which it would be difficult to improve. The headings are good.

"Bishop's College School Magazine" is very well edited. Your sports notes are good, but why no jokes? A table of contents and a few more illustrations would be appreciated.

"The College Times" comes up to its usual fine standard. Every department is well developed and full of interest. We suggest, however, that you remove such an entertaining department as "Smiles" from the realm of advertisements.

"Lowell High School Review"—An extremely large and well-edited magazine for one published monthly. We might suggest that you confine your advertisements to the end.

"Copa de Oro"—A well-arranged magazine, although its shape and size make it somewhat unwieldy. The headings and joke department are worthy of praise.

"Stanstead College Magazine"—Your honor roll and the "Memorial Number" of your magazine are very worthy of the famous College they represent.

"The Excelsior" is a splendid and very interesting magazine, and we will always be glad to exchange with you. Your jokes are good, but why not keep your advertisements in their proper sphere?

"The Collegian," the Anniversary Number of your magazine, does its staff great credit. "The Collegian" is well-balanced and most interesting.

"Vox Lycei" is a fine magazine in every way. The headings are particularly worthy of mention.

"London Collegiate Institute Review"—A very interesting magazine. A few more stories and articles would be appreciated.

"Managra"—A most interesting magazine to us in the East, and we are glad to exchange with you. Your honor roll is splendid. A few more stories would be appreciated, although your excellent poetry almost covers the lack.

"Blue and White,"—A few more stories would add to its interest. Your sports notes are good. As it stands, a very interesting magazine.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"A very complete and well balanced magazine."—College Times, Toronto.

"One of our finest. The essay on Robert Louis Stevenson was indeed worthy of mention."—"Vox Lycei," Hamilton.

"This is one of our best exchanges. Your fiction and poetry departments are exceptionally well-developed. A few cartoons with more good headings would give a touch of lighter matter to your magazine."—The Collegian, St. Thomas.

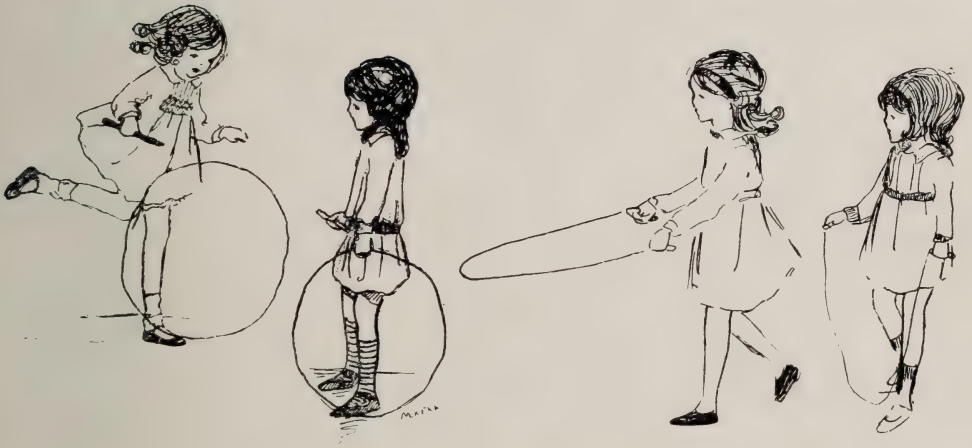
"Your paper is well arranged and filled with interesting notes."—Lowell High School Review, Lowell, Mass.

The jokes in your magazine are especially good.—"The Argus," Appleby School, Oakville.



Our Head Girl

Junior Department



BRANKSOME HALL

B stands for Branksome, the best of all Schools,
R. stands for Right, for Miss Read, and the Rules;
A. for Arithmetic, also Addition,
N is for Neatness, and that's our ambition.
K is for Knowledge we learn day by day,
S for our Staunchness, and Straightforward way;
O for Obedience, which sometimes we shun,
M is for Mischief (we **must** have some fun!);
E stands for Effort, and Energy, too,
H stands for Hockey, and games old and new;
A's for the Antics they do in the gym.,
L's for the Laughter we hear from within,
L's also the Letter that comes Last of all,
In the name of the best of all schools—
Branksome Hall.

ELLA LUMBERS, Form IV., Junior.

TO "BOB" OR NOT TO "BOB," THAT IS THE QUESTION!

It was with a heavy heart that we set out to the hairdresser's that Monday in December. We wondered whether our mothers would approve of our latest craze, that of having our hair bobbed, also (and this bothered us most of all) would it suit our peculiar style of beauty to be shorn of our youthful locks?

We arrived at Miss Smith's in much doubt, still undecided on the question of "bobbing." Once there, we were shown into a little room, strewn with hats and coats, belonging, we imagined, to those who were at the present moment the victims of the shears. We waited, with bated breath, until a white-robed individual with stern voice ushered us into yet another room, which was indeed the veritable "chamber of torture." Before a long mirror, we watched our hair being taken down, and preparations being made for the fray.

"Take your last look at it now," the White Person says, "for you may never see it so long and thick again." Her voice holds an ominous ring, and we shudder and screw our eyes up tight at the sound. We see a vision of ourselves, standing shorn of this adornment, before the accusing eyes of our parents. We forget that the greater part of our hair will be left on!

This mental picture over, we brace ourselves to face the trial. The first snip of the scissors sends a chill to our hearts, but, after two or three, we begin to take an interest in the procedure, and open our eyes to behold ourselves. What we see reminds us somewhat of the questions in mensuration where we are given a sidewalk with a wall at one side shorter than the wall at the other. But our courage rises, nevertheless, and we grow more and more excited. We are resolved that we will look more respectable, when all's said and done, than our neighbor on the left, whose mouse-colored locks are straggly and thin.

At length it is all over, and we look at ourselves with pleasure, not unmixed with amazement. Surely that smiling, short-haired figure is not the long-haired one of a few moments ago!

Once out in the street we feel rather cool in the region of the neck, but decidedly more comfortable, and on the whole quite content with the result of our experiment.

Back at school, with the other girls questioning, and advising, and crying, "Oh, how cute!" and "You look perfectly sweet!" we lose all fear of parental wrath, and are merely grateful for the craze that has introduced us to a new and swift style of hair-dressing, and a not unbecoming one, if we are to judge by our chums' remarks.

MARGARET ELIZABETH WILSON, Form I.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY

The sandwiches are ready, and the cake is just done,
'Tis the twenty-fourth of May, when we always have some fun;
Hark! there goes the horn now we're on our way
For we're going out to celebrate the Queen's Birthday.

LESLEY LEE, Form I.

SPRING THOUGHTS

A carpet I'll make that's sprinkled with flowers,
All red, and yellow, and white;
And to make it sparkle I'll send sweet showers,
In the cool and shadowy night.

And all the trees I will dress in pink
With blossoms sweet and rare
And I'll call on the robin and bobolink
To make music everywhere.

The sky shall be of the clearest blue
With each cloud lined with gold,
And each little river shall leap and run
With a splendor and glitter untold.

And the world shall laugh and all shall be gay,
Not a shadow shall mar the scene,
For the sunshine shall chase all darkness away,
As if it had never been!

MARION McCULLOCH, Form I.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN UMBRELLA

I am an umbrella. My name is Miss Maiden Canada. I was made in Canada, and have always lived there.

I am a beautiful purple affair with a silver handle, and am usually used as a sunshade.

After I was made, I was taken to a shop. Then someone bought me, and I was taken to a large house by a very pretty young lady.

I was used constantly for a few weeks, but then one of my ribs broke, and my mistress put me away in a dark corner of the cloak-room. There I met a fine walking stick. He had been broken too, and had been thrust into that lonely, dreary, corner. We soon made friends, and I found him a delightfully entertaining companion. In spite of my broken rib and his broken leg, we had a very nice time.

Several other walking-sticks and umbrellas were in an umbrella-rack in the cloak-room, too, but they took no notice of the walking-stick and me, and we were forgotten by the world.

Very gay parties indeed, took place in that same cloak-room. Hats, walking-sticks, umbrellas, sunshades, and coats, seemingly dead when any human being was around, woke up when alone. They talked, danced, and sang, when everyone was asleep. They had dances every night, while we two outcasts looked on, until

One day my mistress came into the cloak-room to look for something, and, while rummaging in our corner, discovered us. She took us out, and seemed very much surprised to see us. Later we were sent together to a repair shop to be mended.

A year has passed. My husband, the walking-stick, and I are always included in the midnight, cloak-room gaieties now; but there never has been yet a merrier, gayer dance than at our wedding.

DILLWYN WARREN, Intermediate.

THE FAIRIES' TEA-PARTY

The Fairies, Snowdrop, Crocus, Trillium, Mayflower and Love-in-the-Mist, had received invitations to drink dew and honey at six petals of dawn with Fairy Daffodil. They had accepted, and now it lacked but a quarter of six petals.

Outside, under the trees, a tiny fountain was splashing, there was a soft, rosy glow from the rising sun, the birds just waking up started to twitter, and the dewdrops, like so many diamonds, made everything sparkle.

Suddenly there was a whirr of small wings, and up drove the Fairies, each in a flower coach like her name, drawn by crickets and dragon-flies. Daffodil stood on the steps of her palace to receive them.

As they stopped and alighted, five little pages in yellow ran out to catch the crickets and dragon-flies and take them around to the stables.

"Welcome," called Daffodil, running down the steps of her palace followed by a gay crowd of Elves and Fairies, "Welcome to Sunshine Palace."

When the Fairies had removed their wraps, they went out in the garden, and, in a small dell by a tiny crystal pool, was set a small toadstool table for six. The tablecloth was of the finest gauze, the dishes were the freshest white violet leaves, and the cups were tiny lily of the valley bells.

Now, if ever you want to see them, get up early some Spring morning, and, if you are very quiet, you may see the Fairies Snow-drop, Crocus, Trillium, Mayflower and Love-in-the-Mist, drinking dew and honey with Fairy Daffodil, at six petals of dawn.

MARY E. ANDERSON, Form IV., Junior.



Branksome Alumnae

Report of the Alumnae Association

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association was held at the school on June 19th, 1919. About one hundred were present at the dinner, this number including the staff of the school, the Graduating Class, and four out-of-town members, Jean Kennedy of Ottawa, Bessie Storey of Brockville, Isobel Bryce of Colborne, and Gretchen Spohn of Penetang. It was proposed to hold monthly luncheons during the ensuing year, with a speaker to address each one. Toasts were proposed to the King, the school, the graduating class, and the absent members, the last-mentioned one being replied to by a telegram sent by the Winnipeg Alumnae.

The following committee was then elected for the year:—

Honorary President.....	Miss Scott
President	Mary Ponton
First Vice-President.....	Ainslie McMichael
Second Vice-President.....	Isobel Bryce
Secretary-Treasurer	Laureda McAndrew
Slogan Representative	Grace Ryrie

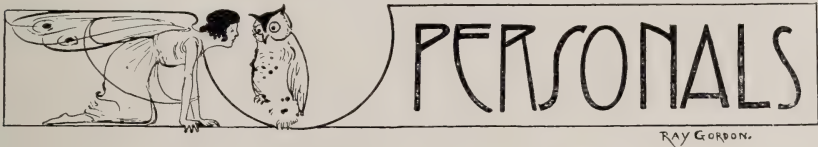
The first regular meeting was held at the Diet Kitchen on October 15th, when Isabel Thomas gave an interesting talk on her experiences as a V.A.D. in France.

A luncheon was held at the Brown Betty Tea Rooms on December 10th, with a record attendance of forty-five. Miss Isabel Brown of the Y.W.C.A. was the speaker.

Owing to the influenza epidemic, no luncheons were held in January or February. The March luncheon was held on the 24th at the Brown Betty when Mrs. Brown of the Juvenile Court gave a very interesting address on her work.

LAUREDA McANDREW, '12.,

Secretary-Treasurer.



ALUMNAE IN TRAINING

We have decided in this column to give only the names of those who are in their first year and of those who are graduating, as it seems unnecessary to report their progress from year to year throughout their courses.

Graduates in the Faculty of Medicine—Irlma Kennedy, Alice Anderson.

First year (in 5 year course) in Medicine—Margaret Baker.

Social Service—Grace Ryrie, Phyllis Anderson.

Victoria College—Fourth year, Helen Coatsworth. First year, Marion Brewster, Kathleen Smith.

University College—Fourth year, Audrey Hewitt. First year, Margaret Austin, Isabel Cope, Ruth Bone, Jean Grieg, Margaret Johnston, Jean Jarvis, Bernice Jephcott, Eleanor McKay, Kathleen Meldrum, Marion Medland, Jean Maxwell, Jacquelin Sinclair, Thelma Wright, Elizabeth Walton.

Technical School—Adele Winger, Helen Mitchell, Ione Nelson, Marie Sewell.

Conservatory of Music—Muriel Shewan, Helen McAuley.

Academy of Music—Dorothy Young.

Margaret Eaton School—Marjorie MacGillivray.

Sick Children's Hospital—Jean Kennedy.

Toronto General Hospital—Dorothy Adams, Norah Parkes.

Graduated from Toronto General Hospital—Constance Nettleton.

Macdonald Hall, Guelph—Mayden Stratford.

University of Alberta, Edmonton—First year, Dorothy Stafford.

Faculty of Education, Toronto—Jean McKay.

TORONTO ALUMNAE AT HOME AND ABROAD

Margaret Morton is on the staff of the Conservatory of Music.

Ruth McCormack is teaching Vocational Training in the Western Hospital. Ruth expects to go to England in July.

Kathleen Baird is head of a hospital in California, where she and her mother and Mary went to spend the winter.

Mary Tyrrell who has been running the Business Girls' Club Canteen at St. James' Cathedral this winter, expects to spend the summer abroad.

Ainslie McMichael is spending the summer in Switzerland and England.

Helen Walton has been taking a secretarial course at Columbia University, New York, this winter. Margaret went down to spend Easter with her.

Laureda McAndrew was the Branksome Hall nurse-in-charge during the smallpox scare, and saw the girls well through the painful days that followed vaccination!

Carmen Fair who has been studying at Trafalgar, Montreal, this winter, has returned to Toronto.

Marion Baillie spent the winter in California, where she distinguished herself by winning a Tennis Championship.

Nadine Angstrom and Ruth Stewart left early in March for Europe where they expect to travel for six months, first visiting Mademoiselle Chaubert in Lausanne, and then touring in Holland, France and England. On her return Ruth expects to begin her training as a nurse in the Toronto General Hospital.

Ruth Trethewey, who was at the Alumnae Luncheon in December has gone back to England, where she expects to be married in June to Mr. Frank Secord of Toronto.

"Prunella," a play by Laurence Hausman and Granville Barker, was presented by the Women's Dramatic Club of University College at Hart House on the afternoon and evening of March 20th. Erie Sheppard took the part of the Boy in it, and Lorna McLean was one of the trio who danced "Columbine Qui Flirte." Among the Mumpers were Bernice Jephcott, Eleanor McKay, Ruth Bone and Kathleen Meldrum.

Erie Sheppard leaves the beginning of April for England, where she expects to spend several weeks travelling.

Mrs. Jack McLaren (Reta Harvey), returned from England in April, 1919. While overseas she was a V.A.D. in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, England.

Olga Tough was also in St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

Annie Fleming is in the Post Office at Toronto University.

It was announced at the Alumnae dinner in June last that Isobel Thomas, was to be decorated by the King with the Royal Red Cross. Isabel did V.A.D. work for the last three years of the war in France and England. Six months of her time was passed at a hospital in Birmingham, and the rest of the time at the 3rd British Military Hospital at Rouen, France. She was first mentioned by Sir Douglas Haig in despatches, and was finally decorated by the King at Buckingham Palace with the Order of the Royal Red Cross, just shortly before she returned to Canada. Isabel is now using her V. A. D. training in the services of the Dominion Express Company in town.

Alice Anderson sails in August for India, where she is to lecture on Anatomy, in connection with the work of the Ludhiana Hospital.

Mrs. Gerald Suckling (Amy Angstrom) has moved to Toronto, and is living on Cottingham Street.

Jessie Renfrew has been visiting Elinor Bluck in Hamilton, Bermuda.

Irene Martin returned from the Cardiff Hospital, Wales, last Fall.

Margaret Follett has been at school in Boston this winter.

Mary Anderson has been taking a secretarial course at Shaw's Business College.

Madeline Chisholm has been playing in London, England, in "Seven Days' Leave."

Mrs. Napier Smith (Ruth Langlois) and her husband and small son left for China in February.

Dorrit Larkin is spending the winter in the Barbadoes.

Gretchen Spohn, formerly of Penetang, is now living in Toronto.

Lois Howard spent the winter in California.

Hilda Rutherford graduated from the New York Hospital, New York City, on March 10th. Hilda took a very high standing in her final examinations, and has had the offer of several very good institutional positions.

HALIFAX ALUMNAE

Margaret McInnes is at Miss Finch's school, New York.

Eileen Odevaine, and Phyllis de Carteret are at Les Fougères, Lausanne, Switzerland, where they are continuing their study of French under Mademoiselle Chaubert. Eileen went to Les Rasses, near Ste. Croix, at Christmas time, with a party of girls from the school and has written very enthusiastically of the Swiss winter sports.

Marjorie Burrill, who is studying French and violin this year in Les Fougères, Lausanne, spent her Easter holidays with Pauline Stanbury in England.

Elinor Whitman has been taking a kindergarten course in Boston.

Leslie Bryant has been continuing her studies in Halifax, in English, French and music.

WINNIPEG ALUMNAE

Miss Cole was in Winnipeg for the week of October 20th, attending the National Educational Conference in that city. She carried also a letter of greeting from the Branksome Alumnae in Toronto to the Winnipeg Alumnae, and this letter was read at Constance Crawford's on the afternoon of October 23rd, the occasion being a very delightful Alumnae tea for which Constance kindly offered her lovely home to the Association. The following members of the Winnipeg Association were present:—

Constance Crawford, President; Grace McGaw, Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. Arthur (Mabel Murphy of Kingston), Agnes Baird, Helen Baird, Mrs. Percy Bull (Geraldine Stephenson), Florence Campbell, Marjorie Fraser, Anna Greig, Marjorie Hazlewood, Mrs. Ralph McGucken (Mary Elliott), Jean Macdougall, Mrs. Martin (Gladys Brock), Dorothy Trueman, Mrs. Waugh (Janie Williams of Toronto), Gladys White.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Grace McGaw, the Secretary-Treasurer, and a President and Secretary-Treasurer were elected for the ensuing year.

Miss Cole also saw while in Winnipeg Mrs. Andrew Goetehius of Neopit, who was staying there with her mother, Mrs. Erb, Marjorie Preston, and Elizabeth Mackenzie of Beaverton, who is keeping house for her brother and sisters in Winnipeg now.

Anna Greig has gone to live in Riverside, California.

Evelyn Ard of Toronto is head of the Electrical Department of the Tuxedo Military Convalescent Hospital, Winnipeg.

Adelaide Woodman has been working with the S.C.R. in the Tuxedo Military Hospital.

Irma Brock has spent the winter in Vancouver, B.C.

Agnes Baird took dinner at the school on May 26th, 1919, and spoke to the girls on her four years' experience overseas in Salonika, France and England, and on a transport.

Jean Macdougall, who has been using her Vocational Training in the Tuxedo Hospital also, is now in training at the Johns Hopkins' Hospital, Baltimore.

OTHER OUT-OF-TOWN ALUMNAE

Helen Stevens (Port Elgin) spent the winter in Toronto.

Dorothy Young (Quebec) is singing in the choir of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church.

Alice Bryce (Colborne) has been working in Christie Street Hospital all winter as a V.A.D.

Florence Taylor (Ganancque) is taking a post graduate course in Dietetics in Chicago.

Elinor Bluck (Bermuda) spent several months in Ontario and the East last fall. Elinor had lunch at the school in September. Unfortunately school was not open, so she saw very few of her friends here.

May Chown (Kingston) is doing Social Service Work in Montreal. Dorothy is Dietitian in the Military Hospital, Vancouver, B.C., and Edna has been taking special work in Physical Training at the Sargent School, and at Harvard University.

Mrs. Frank Trethewey (Betty Mickleborough) is touring in the West Indies with her husband, but expects to be back in England for Ruth's marriage in June.

Irlma Kennedy (Wingham) is now practising as a House-Surgeon in Toronto General Hospital.

Mause McColl (New Glasgow) is Dietitian in the Military Hospital, St. John, New Brunswick.

Jessie Cressman, Peterborough, has been in Pasadena all winter, and will also spend the summer there.

Laura Aitken, Newcastle, New Brunswick, was in Bermuda for the winter.

Margaret Renfrew is training as a nurse in the General Hospital, Vancouver, B.C.

Helen Ross (Port Arthur), has been taking a course at business college in Port Arthur.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson (Mary Macdonald) spent the winter in Vancouver with Mrs. Macdonald, but left in April for their ranch at Salmon Arm, B.C.

Grace McGaw wintered in Los Angeles, California.

Marjorie Baird is in training at the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

Isobel Ivey (London) is studying at Guelph College this term.

OLD GIRLS VISITING THE SCHOOL

Irma Brock, '15, Winnipeg; Marjorie Hazlewood, '14, Winnipeg; Agnes Baird, '08, Winnipeg; Edna Chown, '18, Kingston; Elinor Bluck, '18, Bermuda; Sarah MacGregor, '15, New Glasgow; Jean Kennedy, '14, Ottawa; Marjorie MacGillivray, '19, Whitby; Muriel Shewan, '19, Brandon; Ruth Trethewey, '13, England; Dorothy Young, '19, Quebec; Bernice Palmer, '11, Galt; Betty Mickleborough Trethewey, '13, England; Eleanor McKay, '18, Ingersoll; Jean Maxwell, '19, St. Mary's; Verena Zybach, '15, Niagara Falls; Isabel Cowan, '17, London; Helen Ballantyne, '18, Brantford; Jean Jarvis, '18, London; Mause McColl, '15, New Glasgow; Jean McLaren, '19, Brockville; Marion Thomson, '19, Paris.



BIRTHS

On May 5th, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Warwick, (Edith Kelk '10), a daughter.

On May 31st, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Runciman of Montreal, (Kathleen Chipman '10), a daughter.

On June 17th, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Henry, (Marjorie Brodie '07), a daughter.

On August 24th, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. M. Irwin, (Katie McLaren '07), a son.

On September 1st, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Martin, (Sybil Kneeland '13), a daughter, Nancy Kneeland.

On November 26th, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Vanstone, (Ethel Walker '10), a daughter.

On January 18th, 1920, to Dr. and Mrs. Hawkins, (Mima Jenkins), a daughter, Diana.

On January 22nd, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Bennett, (Marjorie Hutehins '09), a daughter.

On March 2nd, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clements, Richmond, Indiana, (Charlotte Leitch '17), a son, Edward St. Clair.

On March 17th, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunter, (Vera Lowndes '10), a son, Robert Gordon Lowndes.

On March 18th, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Goodeve, (Winnifred Gray '07), a daughter.

On March 30th, 1920, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Boulden, (Jessie McCleary, '12), a daughter.

On April 23rd, 1920, to Dr. and Mrs. Alex. D. McKelvey (Margaret Kent, '12), a son.

MARRIAGES

Jessie Winchester, ('10) to Mr. S. Moore Gordon, at Pekin, China, June 10th.

Irene O'Neil, ('07) to Mr. Winfred Cheston Sells of Niagara Falls, June 11th.

Mizpah Sussex, ('13) to Mr. Hector Lithgow, June 11th.

Georgia Harvey, ('14) to Capt. James Grant Ryrie, R.A.F., June 11th.

Mary Macdonald ('13) to Mr. W. P. F. Nicholson, Salmon Arm, B.C. June 19th, 1919.

Jessie McCleary ('12) to Mr. Robert Boulden, June 25th, 1919.

Mabelle Marling, ('13) to Mr. Leonard Rossell, July 12th.

Alexandra Dagg, ('14) to Mr. Robert E. Lee of Winnipeg, August 20th.

Phyllis Baker, ('16) to Mr. George Conrad Hammer, of Neopit, Wis., September 1st.

Marjorie Stevenson, ('15) to Mr. Harold Thorp Beaty, September 24th.

Jean Fleck, ('11) to Mr. Gregor Barclay of Montreal, October 2nd.

Phyllis Murchison, ('17) to Mr. Ernest E. Townsley, October 15th.

Helen Dewar, ('14) to Mr. Cameron Anderson, November 22nd.

Lila Mullin, ('14) to Mr. Arthur Edward Whitfield, December 11th.

Marjorie Galbraith, ('19) to Mr. George K. Kenzie, January 17th.

Adeline Jarvis, ('16) to Mr. Herbert Vacher of Mexico City, January 31st.

Eileen Norcross, ('14) to Mr. Demarest Haring Mapes, Jr., of New York, in January.

Leota Meyer, ('13) to Mr. Thomas Stewart Graham, February 24th.

Edith Lee ('14) to Mr. J. Howard Godfrey, February 25th.

Mrs. Roy Moore (Edith Mason, '05) to Mr. Norman Campbell Sawers, March 25th, at Vancouver, B.C.

Dorothy Candee ('11) to Mr. Irving Findley, April 14th.

Jean Stark ('11) to Mr. Alex. Trees, April 28th.

Mabel Watson ('10) to Mr. Matthew Lytle Foster, April 21st.

DEATHS

In May, 1919, at Kansas City, Kansas, Mrs. Charles Wilimowsky, (Marguerite Thompson, '05.)

On December 24th, 1919, at Peterborough, Ont., Mrs. A. J. Trebilcock, (Heather Lennox, '09).

On March 15th, 1920, at Ingersoll, Ont., Mrs. W. E. Cragg, (Norah Wilson, '05.)

SCHOOL CALENDAR

- May 26—Agnes Baird ('08), "A Nurse's Experiences at the Front."
 27—Morning: Principal McKinnon, of Halifax, "A Chaplain at the Front."
 Afternoon—Tennis Match, St. Margaret's vs. Branksome.
 30—Afternoon: Competition in Physical Training Tactics, won by Forms IV and V; Swedish, by Intermediate.
 Evening: Recital, Pupils of Miss Henderson and Miss Hill.
- June 6—Afternoon: Tennis Match, Havergal vs. Branksome.
 Evening: Tableaux of Famous Paintings.
 7—Annual Trip to Niagara.
 8—Varsity Stadium, Reception accorded 74th Battalion.
 9—Afternoon: Tennis Match at St. Margaret's.
 Evening: Convocation Hall, Mme. Breshkovsky.
 10—Visit from Mme. Breshkovsky.
 12—Class Picnics.
 13—Afternoon: Tennis Match, Bishop Strachan School vs. Branksome.
 Evening: Strawberry Festival. Tennis Finals played off.
 15—Graduation Service for Saint Andrew's and Branksome at Westminster Church.
 17—Tennis Finals (Junior).
 19—Alumnae Dinner.
 20—House Picnic, St. Andrew's College Grounds.
 23—Closing and Garden Party.
- Sept. 17—Opening of School.
 19—Initiation.
 26—Galli-Curci.
- Oct. 3—Beta Kappa Elections.
 5—Y.W.C.A. Elections.
 10-14—Thanksgiving Week-end.
 14—Basketball, Havergal vs. Branksome (Juniors). Cardinal Mercier, Massey Hall.
 15—Current Events Period: Mrs. Putnam, "Thrift." Alumnae Luncheon. Exhibition of Chinese Ceremonial Robes at Simpson's.
 16—Basket-ball, Glen Mawr vs. Branksome. Art Exhibition, Jenkins'.
 17—Y.W.C.A.
 21—Collection for Navy League.
 23—Mrs. Shiro Terada, "My Impressions of America."
 24—Basket-ball (Juniors) at Havergal-on-the-Hill. House Girls' Concert.
 27—"Dear Brutus."
 29—Antique Exhibition, Jenkins'.
 31—Hallowe'en Masquerade.
- Nov. 1—**The Dance!**
 3—Rugby Match, Stadium, S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.
 4—**The Prince!**
 6—Basket-ball at B.S.S.
 7—Martinelli, Massey Hall.

- 8—Rosedale Church Bazaar.
- 10—Vaccination.
- 12—Mr. Taplan, on "Natural Treads."
- 13—Morning: Mrs. Kennedy, of Ottawa, addressed the girls on her work in the Maple Leaf Club, London, England.
Afternoon: Tennis Finals.
Evening: Heifetz.
- 14—Week-end.
- 20—Ford Fire.
- 21—Address by Miss Grieg, University Settlement.
- 23—St. Paul's Church, Canon Scott.
- 26—Royal Canadian Academy of Arts Opening, The Grange.
- 28—Indoor Sports.

- Dec. 2—Lecture on the Eclipse of the Sun, Physics Bldg.
3—Charades of Advertisements.
4—Basket-ball, Technical School vs. Branksome.
5—Beta Kappa, French Evening.
8—Recital, Pupils of Miss Hill and Miss Henderson.
15—Recital, Pupils of Miss Lawrence.
17—Junior Dancing Competition.
18—Morning: Class Lists read.
Evening: Christmas Dinner and Tree.

- Jan. 8—School Re-opened.
12—"The Better 'Ole."
14—Exhibition of Pictures at "The Grange."
16—Rosedale Church Social.
22—National Chorus.
23—Beta Kappa, Debate.
26—Bairnsfather.
28—Morning: Madame Pantazzi, "Experiences in Roumania During the War."
Afternoon: Exhibition of Old Masters at The Grange.
Evening: Fire in Constance Cann's Bedroom.
29—Afternoon: Hockey Match, St. Margaret's vs. Branksome.
Evening: Moisewitsch.
30—Skating Party. Westminster Church Burned.
31—Short Week-end.

- Feb. 2—Arena, Hockey Match, S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.
10—Hockey at St. Margaret's.
12—Arena, Hockey Match, S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.
13—Afternoon: Hockey Match, B.S.S. vs. B.H.
Evening: House Sleighing Party.
17—Hockey, Rosedale vs. B.H.
19—Hockey at Havergal.
20—Practise Hockey Match with St. Margaret's at Victoria College Rink.
23—Afternoon: Hockey, Rosedale vs. Branksome.
Evening: Mendelssohn Choir.
24—Hockey, Havergal vs. Branksome.
26—Hockey, Arena, S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

- Mar. 1—Hockey, Red Devils vs. B.H.
 2—Afternoon: Hockey, Rosedale vs. Branksome.
 Evening: Sleighing Parties for Forms I, II and III.
 4—Intermediate Class Party.
 5—Competition, Flag Drill.
 5-9—Long Week-end.
 10—Rev. Dr. Bartlett, "Armenia."
 12—Toronto Skating Club, Carnival at Arena.
 15—Recital, Pupils of Miss Lawrence.
 16—Recital, Pupils of Miss Turner.
 17—Morning: Mr. Haslam, "India."
 Afternoon: Visit to Royal Ontario Museum.
 18—Levitzki, Massey Hall.
 19—Dr. Carter, Zenana Bible and Medical Mission Work in India; Lecture (with views).
 24—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, with Gabrilowitsch.
 25—Professor Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, Recent Astronomical Discoveries (with slides).
 26—Robert Mantell, Macbeth.
 28—Stayner's "Crucifixion," Rosedale Presbyterian Church.
 30—Physical Training Competition, Dumb-bells and Wands.
 31—Term Standing read in Gymnasium. School closed for Easter Holidays.

AS WE SEE THEM

Smiles	Laura Stone
Oh, How She Can Sing.....	Marjorie Hattie
Daddy Longlegs.....	Alice Fairfield
The Vamp.....	Ruth Muir
Kiss Me Again.....	Lassie Nickle
Freckles	Susan Ross
Take Me to the Land of Jazz.....	Hope McCormack
Home, Sweet Home.....	Dorothy Steveley
American Beauty.....	Inace Allen
Wait Till You Get Her Up in the Air Boys.....	Helen Tucker
Hawaiian Dreams.....	Marion Stodart
Too Much Mustard.....	Margaret MacLean
Oh, What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?	Margaret Scott
You'd Be Surprised.....	Marion Cantley
The Little Gray Home in the West.....	Mary Clay
I've Got the Blues.....	Dorothy Dods
Ragging the Scale.....	Sybil Croll
They're All Sweeties.....	La Maison française



Esther de Beauregard (after a missionary talk on the Ludhiana Hospital)—“Who is this Loony Anna that we are supporting anyway?” Miss R.—“It’s not Loony Anna. It’s Ludhiana in India.”

Esther—“Oh, I thought she was in Toronto.”

Constance Cann (just after rising-bell to the girls on her floor)—“My, it’s nice to see all you girls again.”

Courageous ‘Crush’—“My, it’s nice to HEAR you again, Connie.” (Groans).

Voice—“What’s the matter with this school?”

Constance—“The rising-bell.”

Miss B.—“Where is Vinegar Hill?”

Brilliant Fourth Former—“It’s in Ireland, quite near the Firth of Forth.”

Mademoiselle—“Yes, she is very backward in French, but I will take her apart and teach her.”

Hope—“Marjorie, what did the lunatics at the Asylum do the day of the Halifax explosion?”

Marjorie—“Oh! my dear, they nearly went crazy.”

Jean—“Miss MacAndrew told me to keep my cold sore moist and it would dry up.”

Miss M. (in Civics Class)—“The Indians of this generation have not very much fighting blood in them.”

Inace—“Well, Mrs. Wilson has Indian blood in her, and they say she fights all the time.”

Marion McC.—“Hope, how can you stand those heavy stockings?”

Hope—“O, I sit sometimes, you know.”

Marjorie—"Say, girls, if any of you see my green scribbler floating around, you'll know it's mine."

Joyce—"Oh dear, Canadian History is the vale of my existence!"

Miss Mac. G.—"What is the difference between **can** and **may**?"

Margaret W.—"Well, can is a box, and may is a month."

Girl in Study—"Miss Reynar, could you lend me a history?"

Miss R.—"What kind?"

Girl—"I don't know. What history was Henry VIII in?"

Miss M. (in Geometry class)—"Come up to the front, please, and point out the lines on my figure."

Margaret W. (viewing the alterations at the school after the summer holidays)—"I don't like the new bathroom. It isn't so homelike."

Miss R.—"When I heard that, my feet just went down into my boots."

Voice (in grammar class)—"Oh, Miss MacG., I don't understand about these cement nouns." (Concrete nouns).

Saturdays

On Saturday morn at eleven o'clock,
We each jazz out in a different frock,
And go to the movies to pass the time
Till we have to trip back at half-past nine.

Miss T.—"What is veneer?"

Nancy Wright—"A French verb."

I. Ross—"How much are the one-cent pads?"

Miss M.—"A man buys 1,000 bushels of grain at 65c. a bushel. How much would the grain cost him, Ruth?"

Ruth—"A nice sum, Miss M."

Elsie McL.—"Aren't your ears cold?"

Mary—"No, I have earrings on."

Hope (speaking of Lord Canning in history class)—"What comes after Canning?"

Inace—"Preserving."

Joyce (singing on her way upstairs)—"Haven't I a lovely voice, girls? I sing just like Romanelli."

Miss M. (in literature class)—“A phoenix is half man and half bird.”

Marjorie—“Some bird!”

Inace (on the affirmative side of the debate, Resolved that world-wide prohibition should prevail)—“In the United States of America, where I come from, only four states voted prohibition, because so many people wanted liquor, but, since I left and came here to Toronto, all the States have gone dry.”

Mademoiselle—“What different kinds of beans have you?”

Inace—“Lima beans and string beans.”

Marjorie Gordon—“And Bunker beans.”

Marjorie Hattie (trying to point someone out to Margaret MacLean at a concert)—“See those four rows without anybody in them? Well, he is sitting in the second row.”

Miss M. (in a Tennyson class)—“Marjorie, will you explain, ‘I am sick of time’.”

Marjorie—“It means fed up on life.”

Day-Pupil—“Oh, I couldn’t get a ticket for Macbeth, but I saw the show at Shea’s, and enjoyed it just as much.”

Margaret (at the theatre)—“Say, girls, when does Mrs. Macbeth come in?”

Miss R. (explaining the customs of the Japanese in Interior Decoration class)—“They never kiss or embrace. As an example, in a recent American movie given in Japan, miles of film had to be cut off, as the kissing in it was not in accordance with their customs.”

Kathleen C.—“Oh, that must have been a funny picture!”

Miss McM.—“Oh, is this an Ashley & Crippen photo, Marjorie? It’s very nice.”

Helen Tucker—“I like Ashley & Crippen. They can make anybody look nice.”

Miss B.—“Marjorie, where is Minorca?”

Marjorie—“In the Mediterranean Sea, Miss B.”

Miss B. (to Peg, who has not been paying attention)—“In what part of the Mediterranean?”

Peg (absently)—“Just north of Scotland, Miss B.”

First Voice—“Goodness, isn’t the smallpox awful?”

Second Voice—“We can be thankful it’s just smallpox and not largepox.”

Marjorie (telling a story)—“And he came out in his pyjamas with a wardrobe on.”

Nancy—"Have you been in a room where incense is burning?"

Marjorie—"No, I have Djerkiss perfume on."

Nancy—"Because my aunt has some incense and it's the worst smelling stuff."

House Girl—"We have to go to bed between nine and ten every night."

Day-Girl—"That's really too many."

Miss M.—"What does 'annum' mean, Hope?"

Hope—"Love."

Helen—"Oh, you have that on the brain, Hope."

Peg—"You mean she has it on the pen rather."

Marjorie Hattie—"This hot water is as cold as ice."

Mary—"Wait till I tell you something awfully amusing, girls. A friend of mine was telling me that when she was vaccinated at school one girl died and another went out of her mind! Isn't that a joke?"

Miss B.—(finding a roughly-sketched map of Italy on Form IV. blackboard)—"Is this a design for your class pin, girls?"

Hope (examining Inace's embroidery)—"Do you stuff it?"

Miss R. (discussing a picture of a river in History of Art Class)—
"What is a ford, Marjorie?"

Marjorie—"A flivver, Miss R."

Catherine—"I haven't written to R—— for a whole week."

Nancy—"How awful of you!"

Catherine—"It shows weakness to write too often."

Nancy—"This was a week ease, anyway."

Grace—"I caught a mouse in a trap baited with a date."

Nancy—"Well, there are not many girls that would make a date with a mouse."

Catherine D.—"Oh, girls, don't you just love dimity fudge?"

Alice—"Jean, will you be my walker to hear the Sympathy Orchestra?"

Catherine—"Where shall I send my dress to be cleaned?"

Nancy—"The Lily of the Valley is the only place I know."

Lost—A large-sized piece of cheese from a mouse-trap, which failed to work at the crucial moment.

Marion S. (in Domestic Science examination)—"Miss M., in telling how to clean a chicken, do you just begin at the beginning?"

Miss R.—“I’m going to have an awfully busy day to-morrow afternoon.”

Ruth Gordon—“Say, Alice, if you bobbed your hair, you’d look just like Nazimova.”

Frances—“Is that book you brought back good, Mary?”

Mary—“Oh, I don’t suppose we’ll like it. Mother gave it to me because it was good literature.”

Grace—“Oh, Marjorie, what color are you going to tintype your blouse?”

Overheard in the Halls

First Voice—“You know, I never used to like Marjorie, and now I think she’s awfully sweet.”

Second Voice—“Love has mellowed her.”

Ruth—“Would a dry cellar be an advantage in a house?”

Voice—“It might be, and it might not.”

Katharine Scott—“What’s that writing on your cap mean, Isobel?”

Isobel—“I won’t tell ya.”

Marjorie Jones—“That’s right, Isobel; never tell anything you don’t know.”

Jean—“There’s such a beautiful moon.”

Bernice (entering at the moment)—“Where is it?”

Jean (apologetically)—“Oh, it’s outside.”

Ruth—“I saw her to-day.”

Lenore—“Which?”

Hope—“Who have you the first dancee with?”

Marjorie—“Nobody, I guess. I’ll have it with you.”

Miss R. (in History of Art)—“What was Reynolds’ great forte, Grace?”

Grace—“Painting, Miss R.”

Miss R.—“Name the Maritime Provinces, Norah.”

Norah Deacon—“New Brunswick and Halifax.”

Miss F.—“Well, I want to tell you, the main point is the most important.”

C. Cann—“Where’s Miss Read? There’s a fire in my room.”

Miss R. (on a freezing night)—“Oh, bother, I’ve lost the stopper of my hot water bottle.”

Miss M. (absent-mindedly)—“They **are** better with them.”

Teacher—“As you get older, girls, you will appreciate the value of an education.”

Voice—“Well, my sister never worked when she was at school, and now she’s married, and very happy, and has no regrets.”

Gwynneth—“I have poison-ivy. A girl touched me with it, and I got seven years.”

Day-Girls (waiting to be called for one Friday evening)—“There’s an awful lot of us waiting here for our prospective fathers.”

The night of the skating-party.

Miss G. (thinking of bandit tales)—“Miss R., there’s a suspicious-looking man in the hall.”

Miss R. (advancing, fiercely)—“What are you doing here?”

Suspicious Character (mildly)—“I’m the man with the hurdy-gurdy.”

Miss G.—“What do you think of the Prince of Wales, Helen? He would be a good catch for you, perhaps.”

Helen—“Oh, no; I think he would be de trop.”

Miss M.—“What is a verbena?”

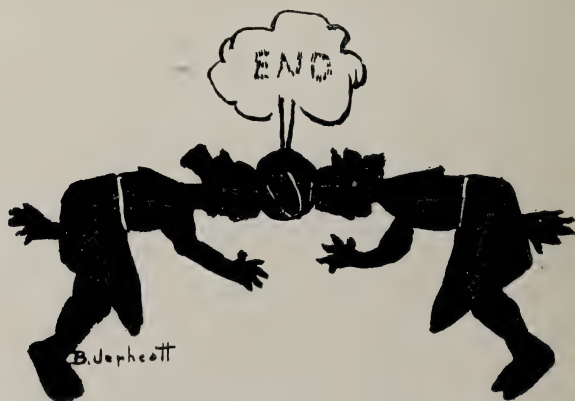
Marjorie—“It’s a flower.”

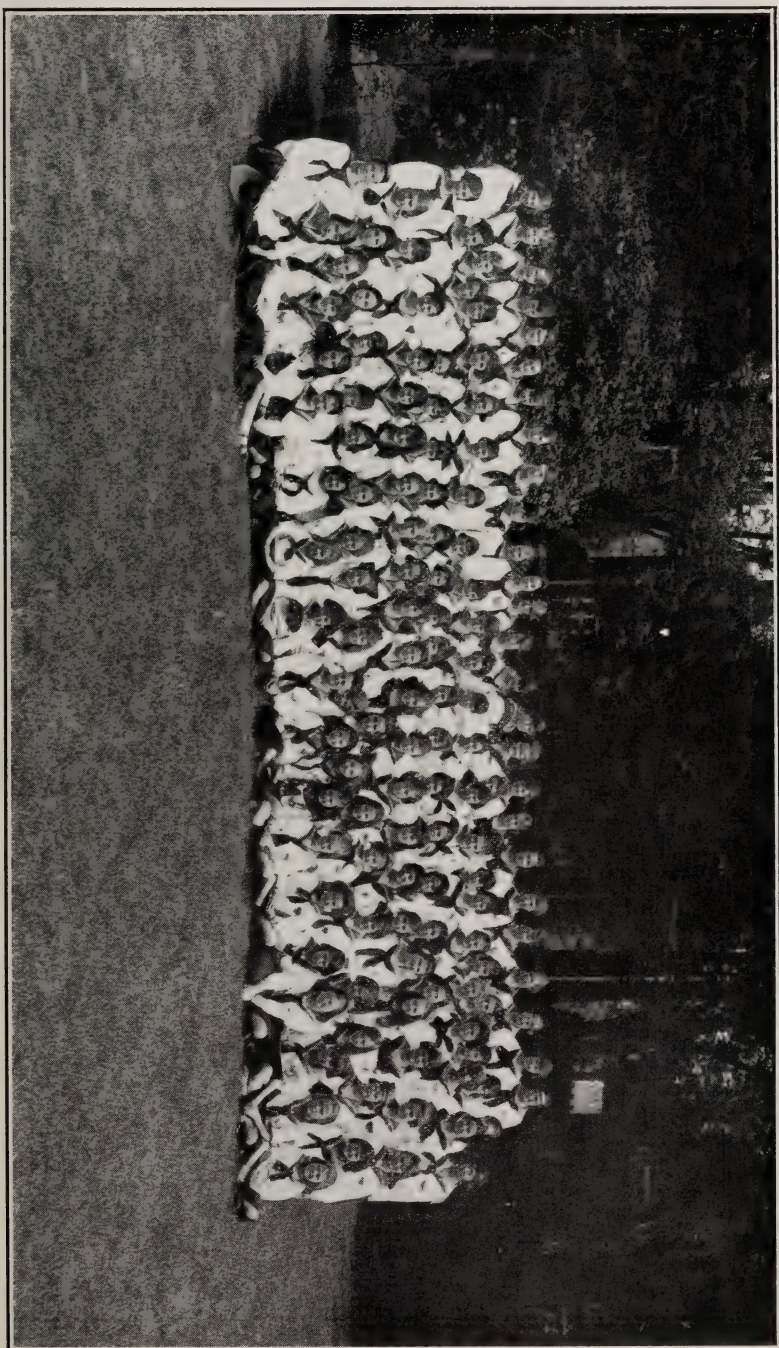
Annette—“Oh, I thought it was part of your spine.”

Closing time in Form IV. Junior. General tidying-up time.

Miss J.—“Phyllis, why are you scolding Kitty so hard?”

Phyllis—“Well, she was cleaning my floor.”





School Group, June, 1919



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